

HORACE IN LONDON.

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Horace in London :

CONSISTING OF

IMITATIONS

OF

THE FIRST TWO BOOKS OF

THE ODES OF HORACE.

BY THE AUTHORS OF
REJECTED ADDRESSES,

OR THE

NEW THEATRUM POETARUM.

James Smith & Horatio Smith.

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PREFACE.

THE following Imitations of the Odes of Horace were originally written without any regard to regularity of succession. Many of them made their first appearance in a monthly publication, and the Odes best calculated to illustrate the topic of the day were, from time to time, pressed into the service. They are now classed and drilled afresh: new troops, drafted from the Roman battalion, have raised them to their proper complement, and HORACE IN LONDON is in readiness to take the field.

The reader will not fail to discover one inconvenience to which the desultory mode of warfare adopted by these Iambic marauders, on their first enrollment, subjects them

when serving in their present disciplined array. Events are recorded without any regard to chronological succession. Thus the second O. P. War is deprecated in the ode "*O navis referent*" before the commemoration of the first, in the ode, "*Motum ex Metello consule civicum,*" with a few other anachronisms of equal moment. But inasmuch as light poetry and grave history do not often boast the same readers, and as the authors did not undertake to present to the public a poetical Annual Register, it is to be hoped the objection will not be held fatal. In their present inroad on Parnassus, it will be found that they have prudently abstained from its more elevated regions; they entertain the same opinion of the Roman Bard, in his higher flights, that he entertained of the Theban, and if the merit of familiar gaiety be awarded to them, they will have won all that they aspired to gain.

Had the Authors of REJECTED ADDRESSES listened to the voice of Prudence, they would

have sat silent under the laurels they recently purloined from the brows of their betters, rather than have proved by advancing *in propria personâ* into the Parnassian lists, how much easier a task it is to ridicule good poetry, than to write it. In thus throwing down the gauntlet, they may doubtless be complimented on their *valour*; but valour is composed of two parts. "The worser half," surnamed foolhardiness, was the property of the lean Knight of La Mancha; "the best part of valour, discretion" was emblazoned on the shield of the huge Knight of Eastcheap, and his cautious quaker-like followers, from that good day to the present, have thriven and grown as fat upon it as himself. Which of the two halves falls to the lot of the Imitators of Horace, is too obvious to require mentioning. The fact seems to be, that the God of Song has instigated the authors of Rejected Addresses to the present publication, as an *amende honorable* for the liberties they lately took with his personal property; *stealing laurel* being an of-

fence as contrary to the poetical statute in that case made and provided, as it is derogatory to the privilege, and against the peace of our Lord Apollo, his *crown* and dignity.

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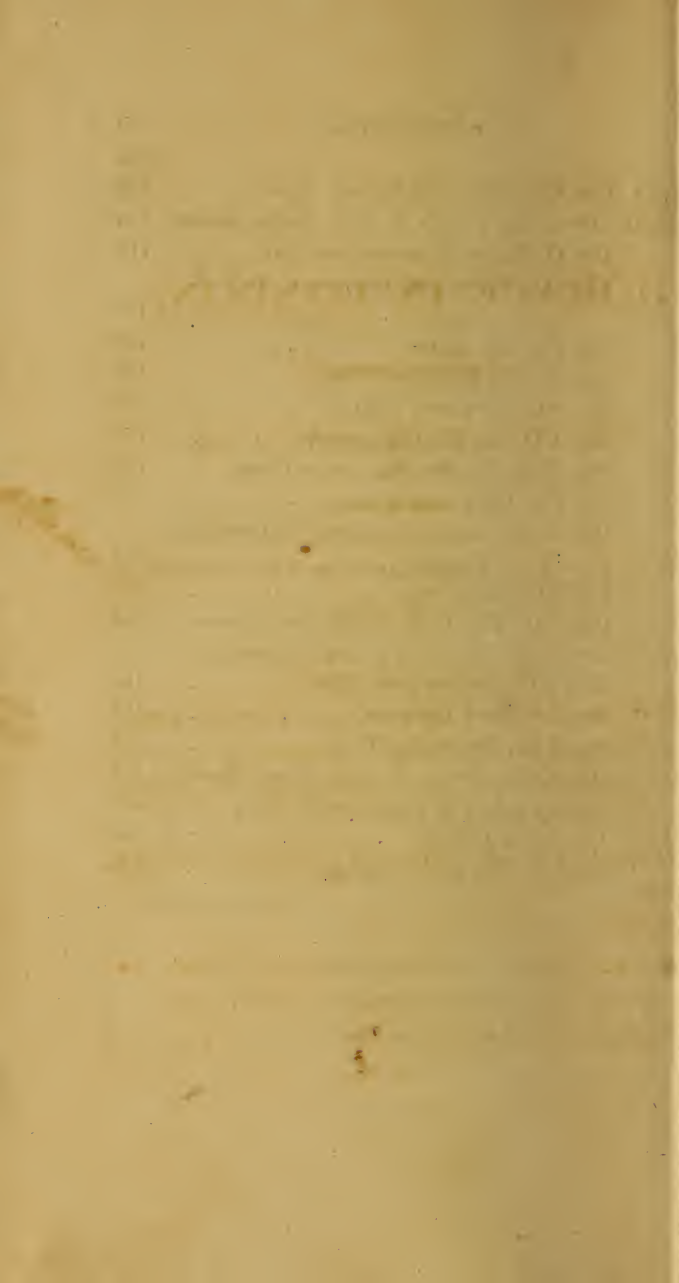
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HORACE IN LONDON.

INTRODUCTORY DIALOGUE.

SCENE,—*The Ivory Gate on the Confines of the Shades.*

HORACE. AUTHOR.

Horace. Friend, I have a favour to ask of you.

Author. If the granting it redound to my advantage, I have too much generosity to refuse compliance: name it.

Horace. I dislike Francis's Translation of my Odes.

Author. I hate Duncombe's.

Horace. And I think Boscawen's might be improved. Will you undertake a new version?

Author. Upon what terms?

Horace. The prospect, if successful, of universal applause. The Reviews will dub you head rhymer of a rhyming age; an engraver may scratch a kit-cat likeness of you to scare the foot passengers in Pall Mall; and you will be tolerably sure of a niche among the Martyrs of Pindus in Poet's Corner. "Exegi Monumentum, &c." What think you of that?

Author. Tempting offers, I confess.

Horace. You agree, then.

Author. No.

Horace. No! Quare non!

Author. For two reasons.

Horace. Name them.

Author. Your demerits and my own.

Horace. My demerits! ha, ha, hah! you and I are the last people whose demerits can gratify the malice of the critics.

Author. Why so?

Horace. Because you have written so little as to be beneath their notice, while I have written so much as to be above their envy. If Quintus Horatius Flaccus, the friend of Augustus, and the favourite of the Muses, may be so bold as to question one whose propensity to fish in troubled

waters ought to condemn him to a large goblet of Sadak's waters of oblivion, may I beg you to elucidate the expression of—"your demerits and my own."

Author. Certainly; and first of the last, namely, myself——

Horace. I am all attention——proceed.

Author. To translate your Odes with propriety would require almost as much talent as to write them. If, indeed, the blue-coated youth in Guild-hall, who must laugh in his sleeve, notwithstanding the tightness of it, at the thoughts of the revolutions he effects, should dub me lord of twenty thousand pounds, my friends would convince me that I possessed abilities more than equal to the task. At present they give me credit for little money, and of course for little wit.

Horace. They are right: of what use is the one, in your commercial clime, unless it procure the other?

Author. Besides, who in his senses would write what nobody reads? How many farthings do the good folks of London care about Vitellius, and Crassus, and Mæcenas; Lydia, Thaliarchus, and Mount Soracte? Every one of them a mere caput

mortuum, believe me ; and as to the groves of the ancients, they have all become hollow trees for pedant owls to roost in.

Horace. Envy, by the Gods! My works have delighted all ages.

Author. Life, says Shakespeare, consists of seven ages ; and you are apt to be discarded after the second. I remember you of old, when I was

“Creeping like snail unwillingly to school,” and in revenge for the many prosodial stripes your confounded “—*Mæccenas atavis edite regibus*” brought upon me, I made a solemn vow to cast you into the Ocean *in usum Delphini*, at my very first trip to Margate. In keeping my oath I lost my Horace, and have washed my hands of you ever since.

Horace. You do me and yourself injustice. Do not jest at the expence of truth. Pray what book is this? “*Quinti Horatii Flacci Opera*,” as I live! Oh, flattering eulogium!

Author. Not altogether - so flattering, for this naturally leads me to the other head of my discourse : *your demerits.*

Horace. Aye, now you’ll be puzzled. “*Non ego paucis offendar maculis.*”

Author. The quotation is from yourself: if you are wise keep it to yourself. Let us open your book, and pitch upon an ode at a venture, as sailors dip for salt pork.

Horace. Sortes Horatianæ! agreed.

Author. What have we here? "Integer vitæ scelerisque purus." Aye, this ode has been much admired by the shoal of learned ignoramuses who can find nothing bad in a man's book when he's dead, and nothing good when he's alive; and yet in my opinion it is little better than downright nonsense.

Horace. Oh monstrous! how, pray?

Author. You set out at your full speed, like a Sunday apprentice on a hack horse, with a prancing moral precept, that a virtuous man needs no other armour than conscious integrity. This is a sentiment of which Addison, Hervey, Hugh Kelly, or Mr. Drake himself need not have been ashamed: and if put into the mouth of a Drury Lane actor, accompanied by a fierce look, a thump on the left breast, and a semi-circular strut, in the long interval between green curtain and foot-lights, would gain the happy votary of Thespis three rounds of applause. Thus far in safety: but halt! your Pega-

sus is come to a turnpike. The next thing is an illustration of this sublime and novel position.

Horace. Very well, Sir, pray go on.

Author. One naturally expects the example to be Cato or Brutus, Wilkes, Burdett, Gale Jones, or some such immaculate Patriot; but how are our expectations gratified? You proceed to say, that while you were singing the praises of Miss Lalage, (a lady, I presume, whose beauty was even greater than her modesty,) you met a wolf, who took to his heels at the sight of you. Pray, most doughty sir, of what was he afraid? Not of your valour, if he had heard of your "Relictâ non bene permulâ." Your moral qualities, putting Madam Lalage out of the question, were not perceptible to the eyes of a wolf, and you admit that your person was unprotected by any weapon.

Horace. Excellent! this would be provoking to any but an Epicure converted to Stoicism. Pray finish your exhortation.

Author. Your conclusion is worthy your precept and illustration; namely, that in whatever part of the globe you may chance to be placed, you will persist in singing the praises of the aforesaid Lalage, although her only merit seems to have been

that of keeping the wolf from the door. A most desirable quality, I admit, in the mistress of a Grub Street poet, but of little use to the well fed favorite of Augustus.

Horace. Ha, ha, hah! You see I bear your ill-natured critique with the most perfect good humour; but zounds! sir, do you mean to assert—?

Author. No—I am only pointing out the inconsistency of your own assertions, particularly when you prove your good humour by a “zounds! sir.”

Horace. Well, well, it's natural to forget one's a Stoic, when the least thing happens to provoke one. To let you into a secret, that ode was written at three distinct periods: the first part in a lucid interval of temperance: the second when I was half seas over in a cask of Falernian, and the third when I was solus cum solâ with the Goddess of my Idolatry.

Author. Be it so: we will now do what I have threatened to do half my life—turn over a new leaf.

Horace. Agreed, here's something solemn.
“*Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens.*”

Author. In this ode you tell us that you had hitherto been a very wicked fellow, snapping your fingers at Jupiter, and never visiting his temples

except in a shower of rain; in short, a complete Roman Bunyan; but that you had lately seen your errors, and were enrolled in the regiment of the true Faith. Bravo! Pegasus at full speed again. Now comes the reason of this miraculous conversion. "I was overtaken," you say, "by a terrible storm of thunder and lightening, and Jupiter is so powerful he can do what he pleases." Indeed! a wonderful event, and a wonderful discovery! I cannot help quoting in your teeth the words of your best modern imitator.

What woeful stuff this madrigal would be
 In some starved hackney sonneteer—or me;
 But let a lord once own the happy lines,
 How the wit brightens, how the sense refines!
 Before his sacred name flies every fault,
 And each exalted stanza teems with thought.

Horace. Upon my word, sir, I have been accustomed to ——

Author. Less truth and more complaisance. I know it; but as long as I possess eyes of my own, I will not borrow a pair of pedant spectacles from any University in the Universe. Then again you

are always cramming that confounded Falernian down the throats of your readers. Continually hob and nobbing. “Nunc est bibendum—Quo me Bacche rapis?” at every page : and telling us that if we would be favorites of Venus we must sacrifice to Bacchus : a position of which the very porter in Macbeth has sober sense enough to prove the falsity.

Horace. Very pretty, sir, very pretty indeed ! but I see your aim, sir. You suspect me to be one of the genus irritabile.

Author. No I don't :—I am certain of it, I have therefore pleasure in bearing testimony to the excellence of your Satires and Epistles. There you are unrivalled.

Horace. My dear sir, I did not mean to dispute your judgment in *every* thing. You think my Satires and Epistles ———

Author. As much above my present praise, as they are foreign to my present purpose. It is your odes of which we are now treating. A verbal translation of them I will not attempt.

Horace. Then I may take my departure to the Elysian Fields. Son of Maia, order round my barge !

Author. Stop, a thought has struck me. What say you to a work entitled "HORACE IN LONDON," consisting of parodies and imitations of your odes? Converting the Amphitheatre into Drury Lane, Mæcenas into Lord Such a one, the Palatine Mount into Tower Hill, and in short, writing as I suppose you would have written, had you lived in these times, and in the metropolis of Great Britain.

Horace. An excellent thought! It will insure me an increase of readers. A man milliner will enter Hyde Park who would fly from the Campus Martius, and a citizen may be enticed up Highgate Hill, who would turn with disdain from Mount Soracte, because there is no ordinary on Sunday on the top of it.

Author. Such is my plan. As long as you are pointed and witty, I shall feed my Pegasus at the same manger. When you flat, prosaic, and insipid, (which, under favor, you sometimes are, especially at your conclusions, where you ought to be most epigrammatic, witness your "Animumque reddas"—"Immeritamque vestem"—"Mercuriusque, &c. &c.") I shall take the liberty of starting from the course, and being as pointed and poetical as I please.

Horace. Rather say as you can.

Author. Good—Agreed. And I moreover give you fair notice, that as I shall have lame metaphors enough of my own to answer for, I will not be accountable for yours.

Horace. Mine! Where will you find them?

Author. Not at the first dip, perhaps, but certainly without any very tedious search,—*voyons!*—Book I, Ode 27. What have we here?

Quantâ laboras in Charybdi!
Digne, puer, meliore flammâ.

An intermixture of fire and water, which in modern days would create more than one sort of hiss.

Horace. That I confess was an oversight.

Author. I wish all your commentators had done the same; they would have saved themselves and us a world of fatigue; but what commentator would not rather set a thousand modern readers to sleep, than acknowledge one Homeric nod in an ancient writer?

Horace. I will pardon all your impertinence if you will but cease your criticisms, and give a specimen of your performance.

Author. On those conditions you may turn immediately to the next page. Now then thou peerless poet, thou real Roman pearl, not to be adulterated by all the vinegar in critical Christendom, “let’s to’t like French Falconers,” or rather, like English tilters,—London is the scene of our poetical tournament. Be thou the Achilles of the Lists, the Patroclus I; and if perchance I hurl a spear sharp enough to provoke the retort courteous, do thou bestride me, and balancing thy shield of half a ton troy weight over my head, swear that the offence proceeded from the original Latin.

Horace. Which you will publish of course.

Author. Not I indeed.

Horace. Not publish my Latin!

Author. No, I tell you.—Scholars will always possess the means of immediate reference to the original, and the unlearned will not think my page the more lively for being encumbered with a dead language.

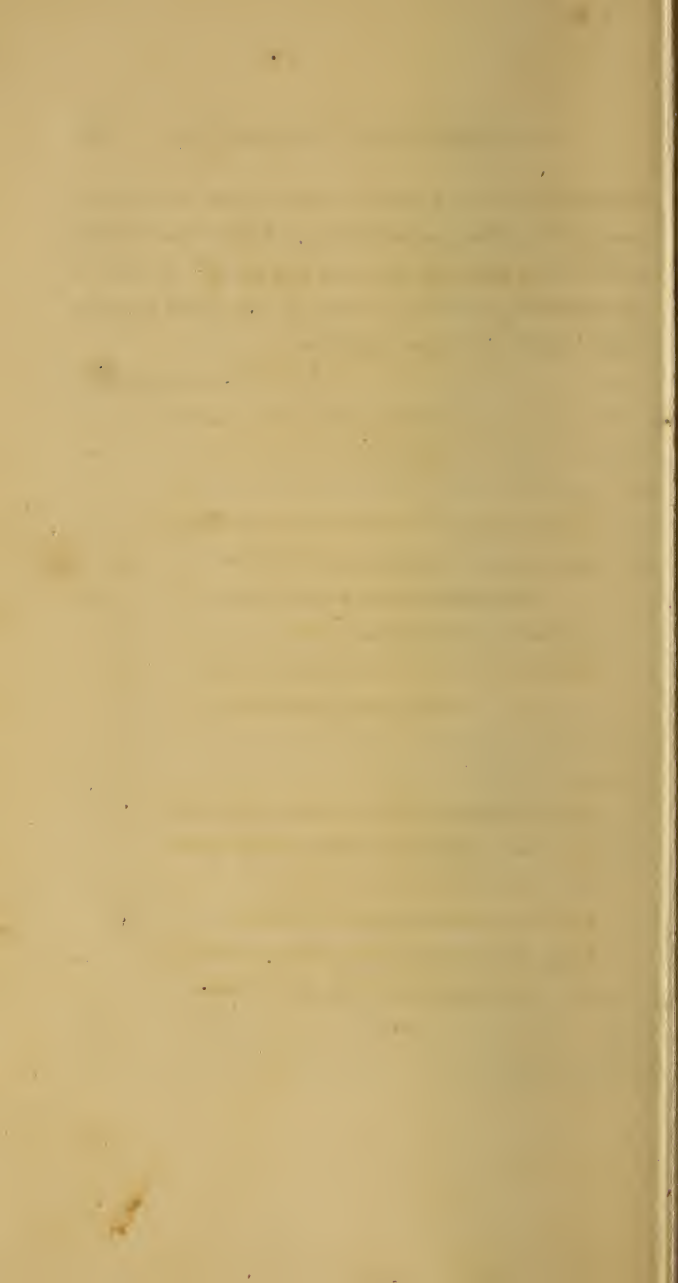
Horace. Not publish my Latin!!

Author. No, I repeat, except the first line.

Horace. If that be the case, I have only to utter this parting prophecy. The moment the dark chambers of your brain cease to be enlightened by

the presence of my Roman lamp, good night to all your brilliant hopes; and though I shall march back to Elysium with all the slow dignity of the last of the Romans, trust me, I shall go off much quicker than—the first of your editions.

[Exeunt severally.]



BOOK I. ODE I.

To John Bull, Esq.

Mæcenatavis edite regibus.

DREAD Sir ! half human, half divine,
Descended from a lengthen'd line
 Of heroes famed in story—
Of Ocean undisputed lord ;
Of Europe and her recreant horde
 The “ riddle, jest, and glory.”

What various sports attract your sons !
Some to Hyde Park escape from duns,
 In curriclè or tandem :
In dusty clouds envelop'd quite,
Like Jove, who from Olympus height,
 Hurls thunderbolts at random.

One draws his gold from Lombard Street,
Amongst the Lords to buy a seat,
 The Lord knows why or wherefore :
Another, (give him rural sports,)
And crouded cities, splendid courts,
 He not a jot will care for.

The merchant, baulk'd by Boreas, vents
His idle anger, and laments
 Some luckless speculation :
Of ease, and Clapham Common talks,
But soon on Gresham's murmuring walks
 Resumes his daily station.

This makes the jolly God his theme,
In claret drowns Aurora's beam,
 And riots with the friskers :
That a dragoon, delights in arms,
And thoughtless of Mamma's alarms,
 Sports high-heel'd boots and whiskers.

The hunter quits his bed at five,
The fox or timorous deer to drive
 Down precipices horrid,
And carries home, returning late,
A trophy for his amorous mate,
 The antlers on his forehead !

Me toil and ease alternate share,
Books, and the converse of the fair,
 (To see is to adore 'em ;))
With these and London for my home,
I envy not the joys of Rome,
 The Circus or the Forum !

If you, great Sir, will deign to vote
For Horace, in his London coat,
 Nor check my classic fury ;
Huge Magog of the lyric train,
I'll mount to kiss the Muses twain,
 Who face the Gods of Drury.

ODE II.

HURLY BURLY.

Jam satis terris nivis, atque diræ.

ENOUGH! the dog has had his day,
The cat has mew'd her hour :
Th' imprison'd *Gale* is blown away,
Burdett has fled the Tower.
The nation fear'd those scenes of woe,
So fatal thirty years ago,
When dreading neither axe nor rope,
An outward Christian, inward Jew,
Fierce Gordon led th' enthusiast crew
To persecute the Pope.

Oh fatal and disastrous year!

When oyster vending dames
Made London's train bands disappear,
And wrapp'd her walls in flames :
The chimney sweep assail'd the shop,
The 'prentice clim'd the chimney top,
Impunity made cowards bold :
While Plutus in his last retreat,
Stood trembling in *Threadneedle Street*,
And hugg'd his bags of gold.

We too have seen, like Ocean's flood,
By howling tempests driven,
The mob assail the troops with mud,
And menace old St. Stephen.
Again they rage, the bird is flown;
Sir Francis aw'd by *Whitbread's* frown,
To father Thames commits his fate :
In secret the uxorious tide
Safe bears him to the Surrey side,
To join his anxious mate.

From street to street Bellona runs,
 In dark blue ribbons clad :
To hear the tale, our sober sons
 Will think their fathers mad.
What power can awe the impending Gaul,
What psalm avert Britannia's fall,
 What sacred tabbies stop the evil ?
Has *Southcott*, in her straw built cell,
No talisman, no mutter'd spell,
 To drive away the Devil ?

Ah no ! for still from south to north,
 Confusion rules the gale !
Come then, at folly's call roll forth,
 Ye tubs to faction's whale.
Come, *Romeo's* car, *Polito's* apes,
Come, *Hawke*, thou peer of many capes,
 Pearl-button'd and drab-coated spark !
And thou, the dame of wicked wit,
Round whom the infant hoaxes flit,
 Come, mighty *Mistress Clarke*.

And thou, great saint, at humour's call,
Joy of the rabble, come !
Whose praise the Smithfield muses bawl,
With rattle, horn, and drum.
When Saturnalian sports draw near,
Three days in each revolving year,
'Tis thine to lead the frolic hours :
Heed not, dread Sir, thy loss of skin,
Thy jocund revelry and din
Have made us jump from ours.

Come, too, *Mendoza*, foe to ham,
Whose fame no bruise can sully !
Come, wary *Crib*, *Batavian Sam*,
And last, not least, come *Gully*.
Assuming the dictator's seat,
Late to thy Plough in *Carey Street*,
Return to end thy halcyon days :
Long may'st thou rally, hit, and stop,
And may no envious *Newgate-drop*
Put out thy glory's blaze.

While amateurs for fame, athirst,
 Entwine with ardent vows
The laurel wreath at *Moulsey Hurst*,
 Around thy batter'd brows,
If any sheriff dare to wield
His wand to clear th' embattled field,
 Stand forth, and down the gauntlet fling ;
With frequent fists the intruder check,
Or grasp his chain-encircled neck,
 And *fib* him from the ring.

ODE III.

THE BARONET'S YACHT.

Sic te Diva potens Cypri.

DEAR Venus, quit Idalia's lawn,
 In Cyprian car by turtles drawn,
 At Neptune's sea-green footstool fawn,
 And make him, *willy nilly*,
 Sweet oil upon the waters pour,
 And thus the venturous YACHT restore,
 That carried off from *Thanet's* shore,
 My soul's best half—SIR BILLY.

He surely view'd in looking glass,
 A nose of copper, cheek of brass,
 Who thus in feeble *yacht* could pass
 Within the range of cannons :

When hostile squadrons beat the hoof,
And citizens won't keep aloof,
Hat, boot, and stocking water-proof,
I reckon *sine qua nons*.

That hardy mortal knows not fear,
Who ventures out from *Ramsgate Pier*,
And as the Gallic cliffs draw near,
With careless eyes looks at 'em—
But bolder he himself who coops
In his own little bark, nor stoops
To heed the quizzing of the troops,
Led by the EARL OF CHATHAM.

In vain shall Neptune's prudent tide
Old *Kent* from *Picardy* divide,
Sir William's boat in painted pride
Unites the coasts again.
He undulates on Ocean's swell,
Like her who rules *Idalia's dell*,
Drawn by a *turtle* in a *shell**
Triumphant o'er the main.

* This marine delicacy was said to be suspended to the
prow of the Yacht.

What wonders all the papers fill !
With rockets now the foe we kill,
We burrow under *Highgate Hill*,
 Each day outdoes the other :
See through *Pall Mall* each lovely lass
By night illuminated pass,
While WINSOR lights, with flame of gas,
 Home to *King's Place*—his mother.

In *parachute*, by way of change,
With *Garnerin* in air we range,
Surpassing all the wonders strange
 That e'er *Munchausen* told us.
Great Jupiter, for mercy's sake,
Me to a cooler planet take,
For at this rate we soon shall make
 The world too hot to hold us !

ODE IV.

BRIGHTON.

Solvitur acris hyems gratâ vice veris.

Now fruitful autumn lifts his sunburnt head,
The slighted Park few cambric muslins whiten,
The dry machines revisit Ocean's bed,
And Horace quits awhile the town for *Brighton*.

The cit foregoes his box at Turnham Green,
To pick up health and shells with Amphitrite;
Pleasure's frail daughters trip along the Steyne,
Led by the dame the Greeks call Aphrodite.

Phœbus, the tanner, plies his fiery trade,
The graceful nymphs ascend Judea's ponies,
Scale the west cliff, or visit the parade,
While poor papa in town a patient drone is.

Loose trowsers snatch the wreath from pantaloons ;
Nankeen of late were worn the sultry weather in ;
But now, (so will the Prince's light dragoons,)
White jean have triumph'd o'er their Indian brethren.

Here with choice food earth smiles and ocean yawns,
Intent alike to please the London glutton ;
This, for our breakfast proffers shrimps and prawns,
That, for our dinner, South-down lamb and mutton.

Yet here, as elsewhere, death impartial reigns,
Visits alike the cot and the *Pavilion*,
And for a bribe with equal scorn disdains
My half a crown, and *Baring's* half a million.

Alas ! how short the span of human pride !
Time flies, and hope's romantic schemes, are undone ;
Cosweller's coach, that carries four inside,
Waits to take back the unwilling bard to London.

Ye circulating novelists, adieu !
Long envious cords my black portmanteau tighten ;
Billiards, begone ! avaunt, illegal loo !
Farewell old Ocean's bauble, glittering Brighton.

Long shalt thou laugh thine enemies to scorn,
Proud as Phœnicia, queen of watering places !
Boys yet unbreech'd, and virgins yet unborn,
On thy bleak downs shall tan their blooming faces.

ODE V.

THE JILT.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ.

SAY, Lucy, what enamour'd spark
 Now sports thee through the gazing Park
 In new barouche or tandem ;
 And, as infatuation leads,
 Permits his reason and his steeds
 To run their course at random ?

Fond youth, those braids of ebon hair,
 Which to a face already fair
 Impart a lustre fairer ;
 Those locks which now invite to love,
 Soon unconfin'd and false shall prove,
 And changeful as the wearer.

Unpractised in a woman's guile,
Thou think'st, perchance, her halcyon smile
 Portends unruffled quiet :
That, ever charming, fond and mild,
No wanton thrughts, no passions wild,
 Within her soul can riot.

Alas ! how often shalt thou mourn,
(If nymphs like her, so soon forsworn,
 Be worth a moment's trouble,)
How quickly own, with sad surprise,
The paradise that bless'd thine eyes
 Was painted on a bubble.

In her accommodating creed
A lord will always supersede
 A commoner's embraces :
His lordship's love contents the fair,
Until enabled to ensnare
 A nobler prize—his Grace' !

Unhappy are the youths who gaze,
Who feel her beauty's maddening blaze,
 And trust to what she utters !
For me, by sad experience wise,
At rosy cheeks or sparkling eyes,
 My heart no longer flutters.

Chamber'd in Albany, I view
On every side a jovial crew
 Of Benedictine neighbours.
I sip my coffee, read the news,
I own no mistress but the muse,
 And she repays my labours.

And should some brat her love bespeak,
(Though illegitimate and weak
 As these unpolish'd verses ;))
A father's joys shall still be mine,
Without the fear of parish fine,
 Bills, beadles, quacks, or nurses.

ODE VI.

WALTER SCOTT.

Scriberis Vario fortis, et hostium.

O CHIVALRY, thy gallant reign,
In prancing epic-ballad strain,
 Let Walter Scott indite ;
Chaunting the deeds inspired by thee,
When red-cross knights arm'd cap-a-pee,
Rode at the ring full gallantly,
 Or triumph'd in the fight.

For me, I strive not, by my fay,
To imitate the *Minstrel's Lay*,
Tracing the *Palmer* on his way,
 Through Scottish bourn and brake :
Uniform'd for hero's deeds, I shun
The strain of lordly *Marmion*,
 Or *Lady of the Lake*.

My modest muse, unskill'd in flights
Of Caledonia's border knights,
In peaceful unpresuming verse
Forbears their glories to rehearse.
Who can describe with honours due
Of northern clans the endless crew,
Creating endless war?
Unnumber'd *Macs*, of accent rude,
The *Gordon*, *Home*, and *Huntley* brood,
Græmes, *Fosters*, *Fenwicks*, who pursued
The amorous *Lochinvar*?

Whether or not I feel love's pain,
I love the light accustom'd strain.
I sing no feast in *hall* so gay,
Save that upon my *Lord Mayor's Day*;
Record no arrow's fatal flight,
Save Cupid's, feather'd with delight,
And shoot alone my bloodless darts,
From beauty's eyes to lover's hearts.

ODE VII.

THE OUSTED TREASURER.

To Harry ——— Esq.

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon.

SOME talk of Betterton and Booth,
 And some above all praise, forsooth,
 Extol their idol Garrick ;
 Others will other names rehearse,
 And celebrate their praise in verse,
 Familiar or Pindaric.

With me not Barrymore's small note,
 Nor Betty's gently whispering throat,
 Nor Righi's manly quaver,
 Nor Munden's freedom from grimace,
 Nor Dignum's bold expressive face.
 Are half so much in favour,

As jovial Cooke, whose thirsty soul
Quaffs inspiration from the bowl

 Whene'er his spirits falter :
His grief and joy, his love and ire,
Are born of Bacchus, and their fire
 Is stolen from his altar.

So, Harry, whether doom'd to roam
In banner'd camps, or lounge at home
 In Twickenham's shady bowers,
Drink, and corroding cares resign,
Drink, and illumine with sparkling wine
 Life's dark and stormy hours.

From Somerset's beloved house,
Where happy treasurers carouse,
 When Bardolph was ejected,
His nose with purple blossoms crown'd,
'Tis said he call'd his friends around,
 And thus their grief corrected.

Oh, ousted elves ! companions boon !
May Fortune's wheel revolving soon,
 Prove kinder than our master :
Let us but stick together still,
With Sherry's luck and Sherry's skill,
 We yet may brave disaster.

For know, my friends, the Prince has sworn,
Although these sinecures be torn
 Away from our pretensions,
That in some dear uncertain hour,
A future Somerset shall shower
 On us its posts and pensions.

Ye whose stout hearts would ne'er submit
To all the eloquence of Pitt,
 Fired with the love of places,
Drink deep, and banish care and woe,
To-morrow we are doom'd to know
 Short commons and long faces.

ODE VIII.

To HUNTINGTON, *the Preacher.*

Lydia dic per omnes.

By those locks so lank and sable,
 Which adown thy shoulders hang,
 By thy phiz right lamentable,
 And thy humming nasal twang ;

Huntington, thou queer fanatic,
 Tell me why thy love and grace,
 Thus invade my servant's attic,
 To unfit him for his place.

For the new light ever pining,
 Thomas groans, and hums and ha's ;
 But alas ! the light is shining,
 Only through his lanthorn jaws.

May-pole pranks and fiddle scrapers
In his eye sight change their hue ;
Lowering Athanasian vapours,
Cloud his brain with devils blue.

From his fellows far asunder,
Tom enjoys his morning stave :
Works are but a heathen blunder ;
Faith alone has power to save.

From young Hal the tavern waiter,
Oft the boxing prize he'd carry ;
Now the pious gladiator
Wrestles only with Old Harry.

Potent once at quoits and cricket,
Head erect and heart elate,
Now, alas ! he heeds no wicket
Save John Bunyan's wicket gate.

As some clown in listing season,
Blinds himself to shun the ranks ;
Tom, because he blinds his reason,
Thinks to play his pious pranks.

But, if such his holy rage is,
Let it be its own reward ;
I'll no longer pay his wages ;
Me he serves not, but the Lord.

ODE IX.

WINTER.

Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum.

SEE Richmond is clad in a mantle of snow ;
The woods that o'ershadow'd the hill,
Now bend with their load, while the river below,
In musical murmurs forgetting to flow,
Stands mournfully frozen and still.

Who cares for the winter ! *my* sun-beams shall
shine

Serene from a register stove ;
With two or three jolly companions to dine,
And two or three bottles of generous wine,
The rest I relinquish to Jove.

The oak bows its head in the hurricane's swell,
Condemn'd in its glory to fall :

The marigold dies unperceiv'd in the dell,
Unable alike to retard or impel,
The crisis assign'd to us all.

Then banish to-morrow, its hopes and its fears ;
To-day is the prize we have won :

Ere surly old age in its wrinkles appears,
With laughter and love, in your juvenile years
Make sure of the days as they run.

The park and the playhouse *my* presence shall greet,
The opera yield its delight ;

Catalani may charm me, but ten times more sweet,
The musical voice of *Laurette* when we meet
In *tête-à-tête* concert at night.

False looks of denial in vain would she fling,
In vain to some corner be gone ;

And if in our kisses I snatch off her ring,
It is, to my fancy, a much better thing
Than a kiss after putting one on !

ODE X.

TRIBUTARY STANZAS to GRIMALDI
THE CLOWN.

Mercuri facunde, nepos Atlantis.

FACETIOUS mime ! thou enemy of gloom,
Grandson of Momus, blithe and debonnair,
Who, aping Pan, with an inverted broom,
Can'st brush the cobwebs from the brows of care.

Our gallery Gods immortalize thy song ;
Thy Newgate thefts impart ecstatic pleasure ;
Thou bid'st a jew's harp charm a Christian throng,
A Gothic salt-box teem with attic treasure.

When harlequin, entangled in thy clue,
By magic seeks to dissipate the strife,
Thy furtive fingers snatch his faulchion too ;
The luckless wizzard loses wand and wife.

The fabled egg from thee obtains its gold ;
Thou sett'st the mind from critic bondage loose,
Where male and female cacklers, young and old,
Birds of a feather, hail the sacred Goose.

Even pious souls, from *Bunyan's* durance free,
At Sadlers Wells applaud thy agile wit,
Forget old Care while they remember thee,
“*Laugh the heart's laugh,*” and haunt the jovial pit.

Long may'st thou guard the prize thy humour won,
Long hold thy court in pantomimic state,
And to the equipoise of English fun,
Exalt the lowly, and bring down the great.

ODE XI.

FORTUNE TELLING.

To Laura.

Tu ne quæsieris scire (nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi.

DEAR girl, from cabalistic lore,
Seek not your fortunes to explore,
Or find your destin'd lover :
Nor horoscopes, nor starry skies,
Nor flattering gypsey prophecies,
Can e'er your fate discover.

To Fortune's dreaded power resign'd,
Endure with philosophic mind,
Her favour or her malice :
Regardless of your future doom,
Of present life enjoy the bloom,
And quaff from Pleasure's chalice.

To-day the sunny hours dance by,
Dispensing roses as they fly :

O snatch them ! for to-morrow,
Assail'd by tempests, drooping, dead,
Perchance their flowers may only shed,
The dewy tears of sorrow.

Time flies—Death threatens to destroy—
The wise condense life's scatter'd joy
Within a narrow measure :

Then, Laura, bring the sparkling bowl,
And let us yield the raptur'd soul,
To laughter, love, and pleasure.

ODE XII.

To Emanuel Swedenborg.

Quem virum, aut heroa, lyrâ vel acri.

WHAT mortal or immortal wight,
Man, dæmon, demigod, or sprite,
My harp, shall break thy slumbers ?
Whom Echo o'er Bæotia's hill,
And Aganippe's shady rill,
Shall chaunt in sportive numbers ?

Mine be the strain that Orpheus pour'd,
When Hell's grim monarch he implor'd
Euridice to render :
And listening Pluto spar'd his life,
But *nearly* gave him back his wife,
To punish the offender.

If songs could bid the dead arise,
Whom should I sooner eulogize,
 Than SWEDENBORG the pious ?
To whom the mystic world was shown,
Of spirits that to us unknown,
 Are ever skipping nigh us.

None can surpass this ghostly seer,
Who smoak'd his pipe, or quaff'd his beer
 Above with his protectors ;
None equal, second none to him,
Who pour'd upon our optics dim
 A cataract of spectres.

Next LEWIS, Terror's child, shall come,
With Mother Bunch's *Fee-fa-fum!*

 In goblin tales to revel—
The maid who dragg'd the *Monk* to hell,
The bleeding Nun that ran pell-mell
 With *Raymond* to the devil.

Successive now my subject boasts,
The noted *Hammersmith* twin ghosts,
 Who rivall'd one another ;
One born to frighten rustics—one
To perish by a rustic's gun,
 Who took him for his brother*.

Soon as he fell, the tumult o'er,
The gloom was clear'd, their fears no more,
 The gossip tales were ended ;
And he that frighten'd all around,
(So will'd the Fates) upon the ground
 Innocuous lay extended.

* A Hammersmith wag some time ago dressed himself as a ghost, and was very successful in frightening the watchmen, and other old women, until he was obliged to realize his own disguise in a very unexpected manner. A wiseacre in the neighbourhood, forgetting that if it were a real ghost he would be only throwing away his powder, if a sham one his life, was infatuated enough to fire at and kill the unfortunate spectre, for which he was capitally indicted, and we believe condemned to death, but afterwards pardoned.

Who shall the mighty theme prolong?
 O Clio, patroness of song,
 Say, what successor fit is?
 Whether GILES SCROGGINS next should come,
 MISS BAILEY, or old GAFFER THUMB,
 Who sang their own sad ditties.

To louder Pæans swell the chord,
 Worthy the BIRD-BEHOLDING LORD,
 So prodigal of fable;
 Who told us of the hunter sprite,
 That flogg'd itself the live-long night,
 Then gallopp'd from the stable*.

An uncomb'd girl surpass'd the peer,
 Who, child of poverty severe,
 In garret dark resided;
 She gave to life the COCK LANE GHOST,
 A nation's eyes and ears engross'd,
 And JOHNSON'S skill derided.

* See the Letters attributed to Lord Lyttleton.

Old Scratch (if parsons tell us true,)
With her found board and lodging too,
 And help'd her pranks to hide well ;
'Till magistrates and bishops drove
This modern *Joan* to shine above
 The minor cheats of Bridewell.

O SWEDENBORG, the guardian friend
Of ghostly wights, our prayers attend,
 And prosper COLTON's glory* :
Exalted let his genius shine,
Second, great seer, alone to thine
 In spiritual story.

* Our readers cannot have altogether forgotten the Sampford ghost, whose spirituality the Rev. Mr. Colton offered to prove by a wager, having previously received the depositions of Messrs. Chave, Dodge, Moon, and Miss Sally, who were sworn upon a Greek Testament. The Taunton Courier commented with a good deal of sarcastic pleasantry upon the evidence adduced; but the unearthly visitor was not to be exorcised by newspaper criticisms, and redoubled his formidable thumpings and bumpings. His comical freaks have lately produced very tragical consequences; the Exeter

Whether the *Sampford Ghost* to seek,
 He bids the rustics swear in Greek,
 Chave's servant, wife, and TALLEY;
 Or whether in the dead of night,
 The doors and windows fasten'd tight,
 He goes to *dodge* with *Sally*.

jailor, a man remarkable for strength and courage, volunteered to discover the juggle, and to pass a night in the haunted chamber. Armed with a sword and bible, and illuminated by two large mould candles, (three to the pound,) he took his station, when at the "very witching time of night," the sword was violently wrenched from his hand, and the spectre served out to him a specimen of Molyneux's right and left hits that would not have disgraced the sable hero himself. All this while the assailant was invisible, and "the steel'd jailor, seldom the friend of man," was still less the friend of goblins; he was carried home in a sort of stupor, and expired a few days after.—Upon another occasion, when the knockings under the floor were very loud and lively, an incredulous rustic took up one of the boards, and stood between the rafters, when the sounds instantly ceased; "O, ho!" quoth he, "have I found you out? I always said it was a lame story."—But his triumph was short; he was saluted with such a thump on the sole of the foot, that he had a lame story of his own to carry home to his family, and the

E'en Mr. MOON no light could shed,
To tell who 'twas that shook the bed,
 And carried such a farce on,—
A ghost no doubt it was, for no man
Would thump and kick a silly woman,
 To fright a sillier parson.

knockings increased, as if resolved to eclipse the noise of Don Quixote's fulling mills. It is not long since an honest neighbour called on Mr. C. to laugh at his credulity, and reason him, if possible, out of what he called his nervous delusions, when lo! in the midst of their conversation a heavy step was heard descending the stairs; "That is the ghost's step," said Mr. C. drawing his chair close to his visitor. Thump! thump! thump! The door opens, footsteps are heard loud as of the ghost in Don Juan, though nought is visible; they seem to pass between the chairs, though touching each other; the sceptic and his friend are unmolested, but the object of this unwelcome visit is soon manifested. Sally, or Molly, was at the side-board; they hear blows and screams, and when they had courage to approach the poor girl they found she had been piteously belaboured about the shoulders, after which usual exercise of his spleen, perhaps to create an appetite, the hobgoblin "started like a guilty thing," and fled.

O Swedenborg, thy fame is lost,
 COLTON has verified his ghost,
 By wagering a guinea :
 In vengeance thou thy wig shalt shake,
 And make the Taunton Courier quake
 For proving him a ninny.

The female sex engrosses the chief share of his pugilistic devoirs, for which he has satisfactorily accounted in replying to questions solemnly put to him both in Greek and Hebrew, (which he has at his finger's ends) by divulging that he was murdered by his sister, and will continue to persecute the sex until the offender is brought to condign punishment. Men he never molests, unless in self defence, and upon an invasion of his territory. Man-traps have been set in the room for the purpose of catching his ghostly leg, and rat-traps have been lavishly distributed over the bed, in the hope of snapping his spiritual fingers; but he snaps his fingers at his enemies, and understands trap too well to be caught by any human contrivance hitherto discovered. When rat-traps fail, exorcising can hardly be expected to succeed, and he likes his present quarters too well to wish to be billeted upon the Red Sea.

Thus stands the case at present; the ghost has baffled every attempt at an ejection, and will probably continue to

frighten the men and belabour the women till he wear out his kuckles. Mr. Colton has recently been to London, to require the aid of the ecclesiastical police, and has offered to frank down to Sampford any adventurer who will enter the lists with this airy bruiser, and fib him out of the ring. But this is idle; if fibbing would do he would have vanished long since.

ODE XIII.

THE JEALOUS LOVER.

Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi.

WHEN those eyes, in azure splendour,
Sparkle at a rival's fame ;

When those lips, in accents tender,
Breathe a hated rival's name ;

Roused to scorn, or sunk in sadness,
Passion rules without controul,
Gloomy rage and jealous madness,
Gnaw my heart and fire my soul.

Tears that fall in copious showers,
Inward fires too plainly speak ;
Reason mourns her faded powers,
Blushes tinge my conscious cheek.

When in dreams thy beauty's brightness
Seems to aid my rival's bliss,
And his lip thy bosom's whiteness
Seems to sully with a kiss ;

“ Hold,” I cry in passion's fever,
“ Flames like his are born of wine ;
“ Spurn the insolent deceiver,
“ Crush his hopes, and nourish mine.

“ Loosely he thy soul despises,
“ Aiming but thy charms to win ;
“ He the glittering casket prizes,
“ I adore the gem within.”

Lawless love's a wand'ring vapour,
Meteor of a heated brain ;
Happy they who Cupid's taper
Light at sacred Hymen's fane.

Ever joyous, never sated,
As through life their course they steer,
Heavenly bliss is antedated—
Mutual love can find it here.

ODE XIV.

To Mr. KEMBLE.

*Exhorting him to give up the tier of Private
Boxes.*

Ⓞ *navis, referent in mare te novi.*

O KEMBLE, again you are tost on the seas ;
For mercy's sake what are you doing ?
Return into harbour, assuage the O. P's,
This tempest may end in your ruin.

Your seams are uncaulk'd, and your mainmast is split,
Your sailors are all in commotion ;
The storm of last winter still howls in the pit,
And vexes the bosom of ocean.

'Tis all to no purpose *the gods* to assail,
They will not afford you a cable ;
Dame Fashion, who tempted you out in the gale,
May tow you to land if she's able.

Melpomene launch'd you a gallant first rate,
She seems at your danger to shudder ;
Then give up your gingerbread *cabin of state*,
And prudently look to your rudder.

'Tis matter of lasting importance to me,
Again in smooth water to find you ;
For certain I am, if you founder at sea,
You'll not leave your equal behind you.

ODE XV.

THE PARTHENON.

*On the Dilapidation of the temple of Minerva
at Athens.*

Pastor quum traheret per freta navibus.

As ELGIN o'er the violated wave,
 Spoil'd Parthenon, thy marble glories bore,
 While modern Greeks, alas ! too weak to save,
 With silent tears his sacrilege deplore,
 Waked from the 'dust the demigods of yore,
 With kings and chiefs their spectred forms uprear,
 Start from their sepulchres to throng the shore,
 And as they view the ravager's career,
 Point to the bounding bark, and poise the shadowy
 spear.

On speeds the vessel with her guilty prize,
Till sudden calms arrest her stately sweep;
Hush'd is the expanse of ocean, earth and skies,
And a new Firmament appears to sleep
In the smooth mirror of the azure deep.
When lo! the wave with sudden splendour glows,
And while the crew a breathless silence keep,
Pallas, upstarting from her long repose,
Frowns on the startled Scot, and prophesies his woes.

“ Ruthless destroyer! luckless was the hour
When Athens' Sculptures at thy feet were hurl'd;
Trophies revered, which hitherto had power
To win the homage of an awe-struck world!
Goth, Vandal, Moslem, had their flags unfurl'd
Around my still unviolated Fane,
Two thousand summers had with dews impearl'd
Its marble heights nor left a mouldering stain;
'Twas thine to ruin all that all had spared in vain.

“ The Grecian Deities already rush
To smite th’ insulter of their native seat ;
Venus for ever bars the modest blush,
Love’s chaste alarms and its endearments sweet.
Mars shall deny the hero’s patriot heat,
Nor can thy ravish’d trophies yield relief ;
The household Gods shall frown on thy retreat,
And when thou seek’st to drown reflection’s grief,
Bacchus shall interdict oblivion’s respite brief.

“ Lo ! Ocean’s King engulphs thy victim bark *,
Snatching the relics of his earthly reign
To deck his coral palaces, and hark !
The sea-nymphs sound their shells as they regain
The shipwreck’d trophies of their monarch’s fane.
So shouldst *thou* perish with thy guilty freight,
But that thy life shall be thy greatest bane,
And Athens’ Gods, by thy forewarning fate,
Shall stay th’ unhallow’d hand uprear’d to violate.

* One of Lord Elgin’s vessels was wrecked in the Archipelago.

“ All who behold my mutilated pile
Shall brand its ravager with classic rage,
And soon a titled bard from Britain's Isle,
Thy country's praise and suffrage shall engage,
And fire with Athens' wrongs an angry age*.
Poets unborn shall sing thy impious fame,
And Time, from history's eternal page
Expunging Alaric's and Omar's name,
Shall give to thine alone preeminence of shame.”

* See Lord Byron's *Childe Harold*.

ODE XVI.

The EDINBURGH REVIEWERS.

O Matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior.

O RIGOROUS sons of a clime more severe,
 If Horace in London offend,
 Unbought let him perish, unread disappear,
 But ah ! do not hasten his end.

Not whisker'd Geramb who veracity braves,
 In boasting of princely delights,
 Not ROWLAND, when thumping the cushion he
 raves,
 Of Beelzebub's capering sprites,

Are mad as the martyr inviting the whips
 Of Poesy's merciless reign,
 Who like Mrs. Brownrigg her 'prentices strips,
 Then kills them with famine and pain.

'Tis said, when the box of Pandora flew ope,
A treasure was found underneath :
It seem'd to the vulgar a figure of Hope,
To poets a laureat wreath.

'Twas this ignis fatuus tempting to roam,
That lighted poor BURNS to his fate ;
That bade him abandon his plough and his home,
To starve amid cities and state.

Me, too, has the lyrical fallacy fir'd
To soar upon Horace's wing,
But to fall in the deep, like the boy who aspir'd
With Dædalus upwards to spring.

Repentant, henceforth, I will write like a dunce
In prose all the rest of my life,
If you, dread dissectors, will spare me this once
The smart of your critical knife.

ODE XVII.

*THE WELCH COTTAGE.**To Laura.*

Velox amænum sæpe Lucretilem.

THE wood-nymphs crown'd with vernal flow'rs,
 Who roam through Tempe's classic bow'rs
 And sport in gambols antic ;
 If e'er they quit their native vales,
 May find around my cot in Wales
 A region more romantic.

Green pastures girt with pendant rock,
 Along whose steep my snowy flock
 Adventurously wanders ;
 Impending shrubs and flowers that gleam,
 Reflected in the chrystal stream,
 Which through the scene meanders ;

In sylvan beauty charm the eyes,
While no ungracious sounds arise
 Of misery or anger ;
The song of birds, the insect's hum,
Are never broken by the drum,
 Or trumpet's brazen clangor.

If sleeping echo starts to mark
The matin carols of the lark,
 Or sounds of early labour ;
Again she seeks her calm retreat,
Till evening calls her to repeat
 The shepherd's pipe and tabor.

Whene'er I woo the muse serene,
Her magic smile illumines the scene,
 And brighter tints discloses.
But e'en the muse's chaplet fades,
Unless the hand of Cupid braids
 Her myrtle with his roses.

Haste then, my Laura, to my bower,
And let us give the fleeting hour
 To plenty, love, and pleasure :

Where wanton boughs an arbour wreathe
I to thy melting harp will breathe
My amatory measure.

Let not the town your soul enthral,
The crouded rout and midnight ball,
Those penalties of fashion :
If nature still have power to please,
Oh ! hither fly to health and ease,
And crown a poet's passion.

No jealous fears shall curb your mind,
Here shall no spirit be confin'd
By prejudiced opinion.
My Laura here a Queen shall be,
From all control and bondage free,
Save Cupid's soft dominion.

ODE XVIII.

*MERRY AND WISE.**To Lord Wellington.*

Nullam, Vare, sacrâ vite prius severis arborem.

O LFT not your tumbrils in Portugal's vallies
 Empurple the dust with the blood of the vine,
 But spare it that we in convivial sallies,
 May bumper your prowess in goblets of wine.

Embolden'd by Bacchus we vault o'er the rav'lin,
 Or snatch, rosy Venus, thy Paphian prize,
 Now led by the gleam of the Gaul's flashing jav'lin,
 And now by the blaze of voluptuous eyes.

But though the god's banner unfurling its flushes,
 With crimson suffuses his votaries' cheeks,
 O let us not tinge them with penitent blushes,
 By arrogant insults or perilous freaks.

Invited by Theseus in good humour'd clatter,
The Centaurs assembled, half man and half beast;
How quickly the former was lost in the latter,
When lewd inebriety darken'd the feast!

Reflect that the laws of punctilio are cruel,
And oft to the flash of ungovern'd excess,
Succeeds the chill awe of the death-dealing duel,
The flash of the pistol—the pang of distress!

No, care-killing god, though I revel in gladness,
And brim the gay goblet with sparkling champagne,
I'll not stain your altar with victims of madness,
Nor sacrifice reason to lengthen your reign.

ODE XIX.

PLEASING PETULANCE.

Mater sæva Cupidinum.

DAME Venus, who lives but to vex,
And Bacchus, the dealer in wine,
Unite with the love of the sex,
To harass this poor head of mine.
Sweet Ellen's the cause of my woe—
'Tis madness her charms to behold ;
Her bosom's as white as the snow,
And the heart it enshrines is as cold.

Her petulant frowns have more grace
Than others to smiles can impart ;
The roses that bloom in her face
Have planted their thorns in my heart.

Fair Venus, who sprang from the sea,
Despising the haunts of renown,
Leaves Brighton, to frolic with me,
And spend the whole winter in town.

I sang of the heroes of Spain,
Who fight in the Parthian mode ;
The goddess grew sick at my strain,
And handed to Vulcan my ode :
“ Forbear,” she exclaim’d, “ silly elf,
“ With haughty Bellona to rove,
“ Leave Spain to take care of herself—
“ Thy song is of Ellen and love.”

Come, Love, bring the graces along,
That Ellen may melt at my woes ;
Let fluent Rousseau gild my tongue,
And Chesterfield turn out my toes.
Ah no ! I must wield other arms,
Sweet Ellen, to reign in thy heart ;
When Love owes to Nature his charms,
How vain are the lessons of art !

ODE XX.

*THE BARD'S BANQUET.**To George Colman the Younger.*

Vile potabis modicis Sabizum.

ACCEPT, comic mortal, this poor Imitation ;
 Its birth was propitious, tho' humble its claim ;
 'Twas penn'd when the theatre's loud acclamation
 Established for ever your title to fame.

When London re-echoes the praises of Colman,
 Shall I by my harp in despondency sit ?
 No — Horace in London shall not be the sole man
 Withholding his tribute from genius and wit.

Then come to my banquet ; 'tis lowly, I know it,
 And no pungent relish the appetite lures :
 For what can a dull inexperienced poet
 Produce that will tickle a palate like yours ?

But as to my guests, they shall feast upon treasures
Sufficient to charm the most epicure elf ;
My long bill of fare is a budget of pleasures,
Comprised in one exquisite item—yourself.

ODE XXII.

THE BAILIFF.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus.

THE pauper poet, pure in zeal,
 Who aims the Muse's crown to steal,
 Need steal no crown of baser sort,
 To buy a goose or pay for port.
 He needs not Fortune's poison'd source,
 Nor guard the House of Commons yields,
 Whether by Newgate lie his course,
 The Fleet, King's Bench, or Cold Bath Fields.
 For I, whom late, *impransus*, walking,
 The Muse beyond the verge had led,
 Beheld a huge bumbailiff stalking,
 Who star'd, but touch'd me not, and fled!
 A bailiff, black and big like him,
 So scowling, desperate, and grim,

No lock-up house, the gloomy den
Of all the tribe shall breed again.
Place me beyond the verge afar,
Where alleys blind the light debar,
Or bid me fascinated lie
Beneath the creeping catchpole's eye ;
Place me where spunging houses round
Attest that bail is never found ;
Where poets starve who write for bread,
And writs are more than poems read ;
Still will I quaff the Muse's spring,
In reason's spite a rhyming sinner,
I'll sometimes for a supper sing,
And sometimes whistle for a dinner.

ODE XXIII.

CUPID'S INVITATION.

Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloe.

As the poet doom'd to linger,
 Phillips, in thy shop's retreat,
Cash for copyright to finger,
 Eyes with dread the neighbouring Fleet,

Turns with idle terror pale, if
 Busy crouds his speed molest,
Thinks each passenger a *bailiff*,
 Every jostle an *arrest* ;

Thus, dear Chloe, thus you fly me ;
 Prithee bid these fears adieu :—
How ungenerous to deny me
 What I ne'er denied to you.

I'm no ruthless *Blue Beard*, daily
Killing wives, again to wed ;
I'm no giant Mrs. Bayley*,
Grinding bones to make my bread.

Cupid proffers now love-letters,
Cull the roses of his spring,
And of age for Hymen's fetters,
Quit your mother's apron-string.

* A personage well known to all *strait-laced* ladies of Fashion.

ODE XXIV.

HORNE TOOKE'S EPITAPH.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus.

WHAT strain shall soothe thy shade, departed Tooke?
 What topic glad Reform's heart-broken throng?
 Muse of dead Hammond, muse of dead Sir Brook,
 Pour the full tide of elegiac song.

Beneath a garden's mould (O spot uncouth!)
 Death in perpetual slumber rocks the sage,
 Saviour of syntax, speaker of home truth,
 Pride, shame, and martyr of a thankless age.

Gale Jones and Jones Burdett deplor'd his fall,
 But thine, dear knight, is sorrow's heaviest shower;
 Who now shall tinge thy scatter'd ink with gall?
 Who prompt thy studies in a second Tower?

ODE XXIV. HORNE TOOKE'S EPITAPH. 79

Of Phœbus' son thou ne'er hast learn'd the tricks,
Whose potent drug the dead from death retrieves;
Thy seer, close guarded on the shores of Styx,
Swells the black cattle of the God of Thieves.

'Tis hard—but watching for the human soul,
Troops of blue devils hover o'er the globe;
Trick them, and quaff from resignation's bowl
What Job's kind hearted friends prescrib'd to Job.

ODE XXV.

MY GODWIN!

Parcius junctas quatiant fenestras.

OUR Temple youth, a lawless train,
Blockading Johnson's window pane,
No longer laud thy solemn strain,

My Godwin!

Chaucer's a mighty tedious elf,
Fleetwood lives only for himself,
And Caleb Williams loves the shelf,

My Godwin!

No longer cry the sprites unblest,
"Awake! arise! stand forth confess'd!"
For fallen, fallen is thy crest,

My Godwin!

Thy muse for meretricious feats,
Does quarto penance now in sheets,
Or cloathing parcels roams the streets,
My Godwin!

Thy flame at Luna's lamp thou light'st,
Blank is the verse that thou indit'st,
Thy play is damn'd, yet still thou writ'st,
My Godwin!

And still to wield the grey goose quill,
When Phœbus sinks, to feel no chill,
"With me is to be lovely still,"
My Godwin!

Thy winged steed (a bit of blood)
Bore thee like Trunnion through the flood,
To leave thee sprawling in the mud,
My Godwin!

But carries now, with martial trot,
In glittering armour, Walter Scott,
A poet he—which thou art not,
My Godwin!

Nay, nay, forbear these jealous wails,
Tho' he's upborne on fashion's gales,
Thy heavy bark attendant sails,

My Godwin !

Fate each by different streams conveys,
His skiff in Aganippe plays,
And thine in Lethe's whirlpool strays,
My Godwin !

ODE XXVI.

The STRAW BONNET.

Musis amicus, tristitiam et metus.

BELOVED by the Nine, I leave care till to-morrow,
 And cull pleasure's roses while yet in their bloom;
 The winds that blow round me shall dissipate sorrow,
 And drive the blue devils to Pharoah's red tomb.

Thy Emperor, Gaul, may astonish the nations,
 While Neptune forbids him to Britain to roam,
 He's free to sow discord in German plantations,
 Then marry, the better to reap it at home.

Ye Muses, who bathe in clear fountains, and dwell in
 The regions of rhyme with Apollo above,
 Oh! aid me to sing of my favourite Ellen,
 And warble in chorus the accents of love.

Come, weave me a chaplet to deck her straw bonnet,
Tho' small the applause that your labour secures ;
For sure, if there's faith in my sight or my sonnet,
Her roses and lilies are brighter than your's.

ODE XXVII.

THE BUMPER TOAST.

Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis.

AWAY with dull politics ! prythee let's talk
 Of something to set all the club in a titter
 The aim of convivial meetings we baulk,
 When thus we our sweetest enjoyments embitter.

Fill, fill up a bumper, be merry and wise,
 And check these dissensions before they too far
 get ;

Say, Colonel, what pretty girl's arrowy eyes
 Have chosen your heart for their amorous target ?

Refuse ! then the bottle no farther shall pass :
 Nay, hang it, this chilling reserve is a folly.
 I'm sure 'tis no cherry cheek'd nursery lass,
 No three per cent. dowdy, no demirep Dolly.

Come, whisper ; my ear is as safe as the Bank,
Where all that goes in is for ever impounded.
What, Lucy ! adzooks ! then your prize is a blank ;
With imps in blue jackets for life you're sur-
rounded.

Mrs. Clarke's costly freaks she will presently beat,
And if you don't quit the extravagant wench,
You'll soon quit the Army to starve in the Fleet,
Or change your own seat for his Majesty's Bench.

ODE XXVIII.

LUCRETIUS AND DR. BUSBY.

Te maris et terræ numeroque carentis arenæ,

“**LUCRETIUS**, tho’ thy numbers could embrace”
 (Thus Busby spoke) “the secret plans of Fate,
 Lay bare the haunts of matter, form, and space,
 And all creation in thy song create ;

O’er thy dead stanzas now Arachne weaves
 Her web to hide thee from a buzzing crowd ;
 Dishonourable dust o’erspreads thy leaves,
 And Hermes wraps thee in oblivion’s shroud.”

To whom Lucretius—“fugitive and fleet,
 Religion’s dogmas yield to age’s tooth ;
 Like the loose sand beneath Achilles’ feet,
 They shift or crumble at the touch of truth.

Each mystic zealot heavenward points the way,
Heaven mocks alike the artist and the art :
Where is thy solar system, Tycho Brahe ?
Where now thy eddying vortices, Des Cartes ?

Some, dreaming seers, with angels converse hold,
Some, teiz'd by Satan, Faith's palladium guard.
Paine, Priestley, sleep in transatlantic mould,
And Godwin slumbers in Saint Paul's Churchyard.

One night o'ershadows systems old and new,
Death to one fatal ferry all consigns,
And not a head amid the sapient crew,
But whispers, *tête-à-tête*, with Proserpine's:

Me, too, death summons to my kindred soil,
Philosophy's new lamp outdazzles mine :
Outdazzles ! no, dipp'd in thy midnight oil
My glimmering taper yet again may shine.

Arouse thee, rhymster, bid thy boy rehearse,
And, whilst around thy drowsy audience nod,
Lest the pale urchin mar thy labour'd verse,
Wield o'er his trembling head thy grandsire's rod.

So may Apollo in Queen Ann Street West
Full o'er thy muse his warbling choir uncage,
Names fill thy index, Plutus fills thy chest,
And dedication smooth thy hot-press'd page.

Hah! doubt'st thou, recreant? does thy lazy wit
To snatch my verse from Lethe's pit refuse?
Then may new Drury's widely yawning pit
O'erwhelm thy urchin, and engulph thy muse.

That threat prevails—thou sweep'st thy classic
chords;

Laud we the Gods! Lucretius now is free;
Come affluent commoners, come pursy lords,
Down with your dast, to shake the dust from me."

*The TERMAGANT.**To Lucy.*

Icci beatis nunc Arabum invides.

Alas, Lucy, how changed are my prospects in life,
Since first you awaken'd love's flame!
So humble a bride, such a petulant wife,
Gadzooks! I scarce think you the same.

That badge which the husband's ascendance secures,
(The poor *sans culottes* never wore 'em)
You arrogate now as prescriptively yours,
In spite of all sense and decorum.

No longer your smile like a sunbeam appears,
But clouds your fair visage deform,
Which quickly find vent in a deluge of tears,
Or burst into thunder and storm.

O! who will now question that Venus's dove,
Transform'd to a vulture, may feed
On the sensitive heart of the victim of love,
Condemn'd in close fetters to bleed ;

Since you whom so lately an angel I thought,
Now acting the termagant's part,
Exult o'er the fetters which wedlock has wrought,
And tear without mercy my heart.

Your temper is changed from serene to perverse,
Your tongue from endearment to clatter :
I took you for better, as well as for worse,
But find you are wholly the latter.

ODE XXX.

PRIVATE BOXES.

Written during the first O. P. war.

O Venus, regina Cnidi Paphique.

O Venus, Queen of Drury Lane !
Soft partizan of amorous doxies,
O'er tall Soho no longer reign,
But patronize our Private Boxes.

Let Cupid, ardent chaperon,
To Hart Street light the London graces,
As loose of manners as of zone,
With bosoms bare, and brazen faces.

Bring with thee, dame, a tempting show
Of girls fantastic, gay, and jolly ;
Age without thee is sapient woe,
And with thee youth is joyous folly.

Bring, too, the footpad demigod,
Who once outwitted wise Apollo ;
O'er paths by truant Venus trod,
Sly Mercury is sure to follow.

ODE XXXI.

TO APOLLO.

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem.

WHAT asks the bard who first invades
With votive verse Apollo's shrine,
And lulls with midnight serenades
Thee, male duenna of the Nine?

Not ven'son, darling of the church,
Mutton will serve his turn as well;
Nor costly turtle dress'd by BIRCH—
He spurns the *fat* to sound the *shell*.

Fearing to trust to dubious *stocks*,
He ne'er invests his money there,
And views with scorn the *London Docks*,
Perch'd on his castle in the air.

Ye sunburnt peasantry of Gaul,
Go prune your vines for NORFOLK'S lord;
His jovial table welcomes all,
And laughing plenty crowns the board.

Favourite of Bacchus! see him lay
His comrades senseless on the floor,
And then march soberly away,
With bottles three, ay, sometimes four.

My skill in wines is quickly said,
I drink them but to make me merry;
Claret and Port alike are red,
Champagne is white, and so is sherry.

Grant me, ye powers, a middle state,
Remote from poverty and wealth;
Above the poor, below the great,
A body and a mind in health.

And when old Time upon this head
His snowy bounty shall impart,
Oh grant that he may never spread
Its freezing influence to my heart.

ODE XXXII.

To the COMIC MUSE.

Poscimus, si quid vacui sub umbrâ.

SWEET Muse ! beneath Apollo's ray,
If ever I, your charms adoring,
Begot a jocund roundelay,
'The noisy gods thought worth *encoring*—

Come now, and with your archest smile
Inspire, sweet maid, a comic ditty,
Something in *Colman's* humorous style,
And just about one third as witty.

By either sister lov'd, caress'd,
He, gay deceiver, picks and chuses :
To serve two masters is no jest,
But he contrives to serve two muses.

Now he pourtrays the man of pelf,
Unmov'd by Yarico's disaster ;
And now the Latin-quoting elf,
Still cringing to the wealthiest master.

To Afric's sultry plain convey'd,
To paint the ardent Moor's distresses,
He toys with *Sutta*, dingy maid,
With eyes as sable as her tresses.

From grave to gay he loves to fly,
Whilst I with you alone would tarry ;
A constant *Colonel Standard I*,
And he a volatile *Sir Harry*.

O pride of Phœbus ! heavenly fair !
Rare visitant at great men's tables,
Whose smiles can make old fashion'd Care
Doff, for a while, his suit of sables,

Enroll me on your jovial staff,
Sworn foe to sentimental sadness,
And I will live to love and laugh,
And wake the lyre to you and gladness.

ODE XXXIII.

CROSS PURPOSES.

Albi, ne doleas plus nimio, memor.

TIS folly yourself and your readers to vex,
With verses as feeble and bald as old Q. ;
Your Fanny but echoes the creed of her sex,
Preferring a younger Adonis to you.

Amanda, the mild, follows Ned through the Park,
From Kensington Gardens to Cumberland Gate,
Yet Ned, an ungrateful and volatile spark,
Adores a virago, and truckles to Kate.

But sooner the shark from West Indian seas
Shall swim in a bowl, and by children be fed,
Than Kitty, as rampant as Pope's Eloise,
Surrender the mistress, and marry with Ned.

So wills Madam Venus : she's ever delighted
To join young and old in one wearisome yoke,
Then tortures the bosom with flames unrequited,
And thinks our misfortunes an excellent joke.

Why cannot I love pretty Susan, or Polly,
Or gentle Nannette, or dear sensitive Jane ?
The answer, alas ! but exposes my folly—
I court lovely Ellen, and court her in vain.

I'd give all I'm worth to be able to hate her ;
She smiles, and I picture consent in her eye,
When, cold and deceitful as ice to a skaiter,
She tempts me to pleasure, but leaves me to die.

L. O. F. C.

ODE XXXIV.

CŒLEBS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens.

INVEIGLED by HUME from the Temple of Truth,
From Piety's sheepfold a stray lamb,
I laugh'd and I sang, a mere reprobate youth,
As seldom at church as Sir Balaam.

But now through a crack in my worldly wise head
A ray of new light sheds a blaze,
And back, with the speed of a zealot, I tread
The wide metaphysical maze.

Of late through the Strand as I saunter'd away,
A curriclè gave me new life,
For oh! in that curriclè, spruce as the day,
Sate CŒLEBS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE!

Majestic as thunder he roll'd through the air,
His horses were rapidly driven ;
I gaz'd like the pilgrim in Vanity Fair,
When *Faithful* was snatch'd into Heaven.

Loud bellow'd the monsters in Pidcock's abyss,
Old vagabond Thames caught the sound,
It shook the Adelphi, it scar'd gloomy Dis,
And Styx swore an oath underground.

The puritan rises, philosophy falls,
When touch'd by his harlequin rod ;
The cobbler and prelate from separate stalls,
Chaunt hymns to the young demigod.

The beardless reformer leaves London behind,
He wanders o'er woodland and common,
And dives into depths theologic to find
That darkest of swans—a white woman.

The Pilgrim of *Bunyan* felt wiser alarms—
His darling at home could not bind him ;
'Twas Death and the Devil when lock'd in her arms,
'Twas Heaven—when he left her behind him.

ODE XXXV.

To Fortune.

O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium.

GODDESS ! by grateful gulls ador'd,
Whose wand can make a clown a lord,
 And lords to coachmen humble :
Whose Midas touch our gold supplies,
Then bids our wealth in paper rise,
 Rise ? zounds ! I should say tumble !

Thee barking *Fire Assurance* baits ;
With face as brazen as her plates
 She in thy lobby lingers :
But fire, alas ! to smoak will turn,
And sharers, though no houses burn,
 Are sure to burn their fingers.

In troubled *water* others fish,
Locks, docks, canals, their utmost wish ;
 They're welcome if they love it :
They who on water money lend,
Can seldom manage, in the end,
 To keep their heads above it.

Who sinks in *earth* but sinks in cash ;
'Tis to make nothing but a smash,
 Do nothing, but undoing :
New bridges halt amid the flood,
New roads desert us in the mud,
 And turn out "roads to ruin."

The knavish crew, in bubbles skill'd,
Next, high in *air* their castles build ;
 But air, too, mocks their trouble :
Balloons to earth too quickly slope,
And WINSOR'S *Gas*, like WINDSOR'S *Soap*,
 When blown, appears a bubble.

Oh Fortune! in thy giddy march
Kick down (and welcome) *Highgate Arch*,
But be content with one ill,
When from the gallery ruin nods,
Oh! whisper silence to the gods,
And spare the *Muses' Tunnel**!

Grim bankruptcy thy path besets,
With one great seal and three gazettes
Suspended from her shoulders:
Diggers and miners swell her train,
Who having *bored* the earth in vain,
Now *bore* the poor share-holders.

While vulgar dupes compell'd to pay,
Decoy'd too far to fly away,
Are caught and pluck'd like tame ducks,
Their pools of fancied wealth are lakes
Wherein their cash makes ducks and drakes,
Till they themselves are lame ducks.

* This alludes to a ridiculous Farce, called HIGHGATE TUNNEL, which met with undeserved favor at the time of its appearance, and is now deservedly forgotten.

Farces like those to send adrift,
Blind Goddess, give my farce a lift,
 And bid me touch the Spanish :
Too weak to brave the critics' scorn,
So shall it serve the weak to warn,
 And quack impostors banish.

Too long from Ketch's halter freed,
At our expence, each black-legg'd steed
 Has fatten'd with his brother :
Gorged with their asinine repast,
May they, like Duncan's stud, at last
 Spare us, and eat each other.

ODE XXXVI.

THE GAOL DELIVERY.

Et thure et fidibus juvat.

SCRAPE the fiddles, rub the glasses ;

 Jove bestow'd, to sweeten life,

Claret, music, dice, and lasses ;

 Fill about, and banish strife.

Find some fool who apes his betters,

 Bid him cook a tavern treat ;

Blithest of insolvent debtors,

 Florio issues from the Fleet.

Mark with what a merry mazzard,

 Nightly poaching where they list,

Elbow-shaking sons of hazard

 Shake his honorable fist.

But his brother, gay and jolly,
 Simpurs with sincerest glee :
 Sons of the same mother, Folly,
 Who can wonder they agree ?

Tap we now our heels in dancing
 Tipsily along the floor :
 When the burgundy's advancing,
 Heel taps shall exist no more.
 Thornton, aid us in our waltzing ;
 Aid us, Bacchus, in our reels :
 If we stumble, why the fault's in
 Polish'd floors and brazen heels.

Bring burnt toast and pepper'd devils,
 Dry provocatives to drink ;
 Smile, Aurora, on our revels,
 Fill the bowl, boys, to the brink.
 In a jovial hob and nob let
 Kitty with the youth contend,
 Quaff, like Ammon's son, the goblet :—
 Joy to our unprison'd friend !

Kitty on each rival brother
Turns in turn her leering eye,
Dubious whether this or t'other
Best deserves her tender sigh.
Should Old Nick hereafter waver,
To decide, like Kitty, loth,
HORACE, as a special favor,
To his care surrenders—both.

ODE XXXVII.

LOB'S POUND.

*The Poet rejoiceth in the return of tranquillity,
after the imprisonment of Sir Francis Burdett
in the Tower.*

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero.

“Now broach ye a pipe of the best Malvoisie,”

’Tis sold at the Marmion tavern ;

Come, feast upon turtle, and sing a Scotch glee,

And dance round the table in grand jubilee,

Like so many hags in a cavern.

’Tis wrong to draw corks in the midst of a row,

Old Port is the devil when shaken ;

The caption was novel, I needs must allow ;

An Englishman’s house was his castle till now,

But castles are now and then taken.

Sir Francis had sipp'd Popularity's dram—
Such drunkards will never be quiet ;
He said, " Mr. Serjeant, your warrant's a sham ;
Upheld by the rabble I'll stay where I am."
So London was all in a riot.

But soon Mr. Serjeant surmounted the basement,
Which only made John Bull the gladder ;
For back he was push'd, to his utter amazement,
The baronet smil'd when he saw from the casement
His enemies mounting a ladder.

At length all the constables broke in below ;
Quoth Gibbs, " It is legal, depend on't."
Thus riding in chace of a Doe or a Roe,
The flying bumbailiff cries "*yoix ! tally ho !*"
And seizes the luckless defendant.

Sir Francis, determin'd the question to try,
Was quietly reading law latin ;
Not able, and therefore not willing to fly,
He saw all the Parliament forces draw nigh,
As firm as the chair that he sat in.

His lady was by, and she play'd on her lute,
 And sung "*Will you come to the bower?*"
 The *Serjeant at Arms*, who was hitherto mute,
 Advanced and exclaim'd, like an ill-natur'd brute,
 "Sir Knight, *will you come to the Tower?*"

He mounted the carriage, by numbers oppress'd,
 But first, with a dubious intention,
 Like Queen Cleopatra, he secretly press'd
 Two serpents, in tender adieu, to his breast,
 Whose names I had rather not mention.

'Tis thus other Wimbledon heroes attain
 The summit of posthumous fame ;
 They dodge their pursuers through alley and lane,
 But when they discover resistance is vain,
 They kick up a dust and die game.

ODE XXXVIII.

THE BILL OF FARE.

Persicos odi puer apparatus.

HERE, Waiter, I'll dine in this box ;
I've look'd at your long bill of fare :
A Pythagorean it shocks
To view all the rarities there.

I'm not overburthen'd with cash,
Roast beef is the dinner for me ;
Then why should I eat *calipash*,
Or why should I eat *calipee* ?

Your trifle's no trifle, I ween,
To customers prudent as I am ;
Your peas in December are green,
But I'm not so green as to buy 'em.

With ven'son I seldom am fed—

Go bring me the sirloin, you ninny;

Who dines at a guinea a head

Will ne'er by his head get a guinea.

BOOK II. ODE I.

*THE FIRST O. P. WAR.**To Mr. Kemble.*

Motum ex Metello consule civicum.

WHEN civil commotion beleaguers the thane,
When tempests assail aged Lear,
When the ghost of old Hamlet amazes the Dane,
In Richard the cruel, or Hotspur the vain,
O when shall your equal appear?

The wreath of applause what philosopher scorns?
'Tis a wreath of the sweetest moss roses;
But when it the brow of an actor adorns,
The public will mix a few good-natur'd thorns,
To tickle his ears when he dozes.

Awhile to your theatre now bid adieu ;
Fly, fly from the tumult and riot ;
Attempt not your truncheon and staff to renew,
But give them to TOWNSEND, to help to subdue
The foes to new prices and quiet.

For hark ! what a discord of bugles and bells,
What whistling, and springing of rattles !
What screaming, and groaning, and hissing, and yells,
Till mad-headed Mammon his victims impels
To scuffle, row, riot, and battles.

And now from the barracks of Bow Street, alack !
A band under *Townsend* and *Sayers*
Wave high their gilt staves, while the dull sounding
thwack
Falls frequent and thick on the enemies' back,
Or visits their pate with a merry-ton'd crack,
In aid of King John and the Players.

The Billingsgate muses, indignant to find
Catalani and fiddlers from Paris
Usurping their place, in revenge have combin'd
To kick up this dust in the popular mind,
So fatal to Kemble and Harris.

What surly brown bear has not gladly receiv'd
The misers who old prices stick to ?
At Bow-Street what knight is not sorély aggriev'd ?
Where Christians are cross'd, Unbelievers believ'd—
Oh story “ mirabile dictu !”

To mix in this warfare, regardless of fear,
What 'prentice or clerk is unwilling ?
From Smithfield and Wapping what heroes appear,
Who fight, I acknowledge, for all they hold dear,
When the object of war's the last shilling.

What fists of defiance the pugilists wield !
What Jews have not had bloody noses ?
What victim of law, who to Mainwaring yields,
But gladly for ever would quit Cold Bath Fields
To fight here “ pro ARIS et focis” ?

But gently, my muse, hush your angry ton'd lyre ;
From rows so disgraceful remove ;
And seated at home by your own parlour fire,
Let Beauty and Bacchus your numbers inspire
To melody, laughter, and love.

ODE II.

To the Wanstead Lucullus.

Nullus argento color est avaris.

IF we don't make manure of our money,
 And spread it that others may thrive,
 'Tis useless as ungather'd honey
 Neglected to rot in the hive.

Fame, trampling on ribbons and garters,
 And scoffing at guineas as dross,
 Lifts o'er the rich reprobate Chartres.
 The poor penefactor of Ross.

To govern your mental diseases
 Is boasting a far wider way,
 Than if you could double your leases,
 And Blenheim to Wanstead convey.

With dropsical fevers unhealthy,
Our drinking increases our thirst ;
E'en such is the fate of the wealthy,
By quenchless cupidity curs'd.

The mob on the ninth of November,
Who shout at the Mayor and his maçe,
Suppose him the happiest member,
Of Fortune's gay liveried race.

Such fancies can never inveigle
Men cast in philosophy's mould ;
They, stern as the sun-daring eagle,
Gaze firm and undazzled on gold.

ODE III.

PHILOSOPHIC ENJOYMENT.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis.

To H. R. — Esq.

WHEN Fortune, fickle jade's unkind,
 Preserve the philosophic mind,
 That dignifies it's bearer ;
 And when the goddess opes her hand,
 Receive the purse, but scorn the band
 That blinds its subject wearer.

Whether condemn'd by fate's decree,
 To toil in town, and learn, like me,
 Economy from Rumford ;
 Or bless'd in all that you desire,
 Living, as now, a jovial squire,
 In luxury and comfort.

In Windsor's green romantic glades,
The "Monarch's and the Muses" shades,
By silver Thames reclining,
Unfetter'd now your mind may soar,
On Aganippe's hallow'd shore,
The muse's wreath entwining.

Quaff, while you may, your choicest wine,
Let beauty and the muse combine
To crown your classic leisure ;
Snatch what the fickle fates supply,
Enjoy the roses 'ere they die,
And give a loose to pleasure.

Death pays no deference to name,
Peasant or Prince 'tis all the same ;
Unsparing king of terror,
His warrant cannot be delay'd,
Nor his proceedings quash'd or stay'd
By any writ of error.

Your heir, perchance, when you're removed,
Improving on what you improved,
 To give his taste expansion,
May fell your groves, implant the lawn,
And with a newer grace adorn
 Your metamorphos'd mansion.

Grim Cerberus at random snaps ;
Life is a stage laid out in traps,
 A pantomimic vision ;
Some live to see the curtain drop,
And down some prematurely pop,
 Like Banquo's apparition.

ODE IV.

THE ACTRESS.

Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudoti.

AN ACTRESS ! well, I own 'tis true,
But why should that your love subdue,
Or bid you blùsh for Polly ?
When all within is sense and worth,
To care for modes of life, or birth,
Is arrant pride and folly.

A Polly, in a former age,
Resign'd the Captain, and the stage,
To shine as Bolton's Duchess.
Derby and *Craven* since have shown
That virtue builds herself a throne,
Ennobling whom she touches.

In each new pantomime that's hatch'd,
The Columbine is quickly snatch'd
 To wed some wealthy suitor :
'Tis "all for love, the world well lost"—
What pupil calculates the cost,
 When passion is the tutor ?

Why, all the world's a stage, and we,
Its pantomimic pageantry,
 Change places and conditions :
Fortune's the magic Harlequin,
Whose touch diffuses o'er the scene
 Fantastic transpositions.

Your Polly in her veins may bear
The blood, perchance, of London's Mayor,
 Who smote the King's reviler ;
Whose mace a monarch's life secures,
But slays an ancestor of yours,
 In knocking down Wat Tyler.

She who is artless, chaste, refin'd,
Disinterested, pure in mind,
 Unsoil'd with vice's leaven,
Has that nobility within,
Which kings can neither give nor win ;
 Her patent is from heaven.

Discard your doubts—your suit prefer ;
You dignify yourself, not her,
 By honourable passion :
And if your noble friends should stare,
Go, bid them show a happier pair
 Among the fools of fashion.

ODE V.

THE UNFLEDGED MUSE.

Nondum subacta ferre jugum valet.

YOUR Muse is too young for the trade,
 Forbear the poor soul to caress :
 The tender, the delicate maid
 Will die by the weight of the press.

Still let her on Pegasus stray,
 But pace, in a canter at most,
 The meads of La Belle Assemblée,
 The Ladies' Museum and Post.

To critical batteries blind,
 How many a volunteer muse,
 Her magazines leaving behind,
 Has met with her death in reviews.

Then weigh well the *pros* and the *cons*,
Shew nought of the goose but it's quill ;
Get tribute from critical dons,
And then touch the Spanish at will.

Then gallop, or canter, or trot,
Your muse will the labour endure ;
Fight cap-a-pied heroes with Scott,
Woo sensitive beauty with Moore.

Then rhyming, or prosing, or soft,
Or rugged, your thoughts you may blab ;
Write egotist essays with Loft,
Or workhouse heroics with Crabbe.

While booksellers kindle your urn,
And puff your funereal fires,
Your flame shall continue to burn
Long after your fuel expires.

ODE VI.

THE CLASSIC VILLA.

Septimi, Gades aditure mecum.

MUSE, at whose gate I've oft times knock'd,
 In fancy's dream thy charms caressing ;
 Whose maid my dignity has shock'd
 As oft, by answering, Sir, she's dressing.

O'er my last lay thy gold dust shake,
 A guinea for each line I spin is
 The lowest farthing I can take ;
 The whole will cost three thousand guineas.

Thus let me write from youth to age,
 And when the critics dub me *Crassus*,
 With a low bow I'll quit the stage,
 And sport a villa near Parnassus.

Safe from adversity's attacks,
There let me quaff from Phœbus' chalice,
In a snug house, like trusty *Mac's*,
Adjoining to my sovereign's palace.

But if the envious fates refuse,
And dub my tuneful swan a raven,
Pack thy portmanteau, injur'd muse,
And seek with me Britannia's haven.

A lane near Cripplegate extends,
Grub Street 'tis call'd, the London Pindus,
Where, but that Bards are seldom friends,
Bards might shake hands from adverse windows.

There Thyrsis tunes his oaten reed,
(Nought oaten else to make him merry),
There grave Virginia smokes her weed,
And Juniper distils his berry.

All loftier tenants I discard,
I soar to catch Apollo's favour ;
The attic floor shall prop the bard,
And attic salt his porridge savour.

And when the poet's goal I reach,
With body lean and tunic shabby,
Chaunt, widow'd muse, my dying speech,
And shroud my ashes in the abbey.

ODE VII.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

O sæpe mecum tempus in ultimum.

OH! whence are you come,
My crony, my chum,
In boyhood's bright sun-shiney weather?
What shock of the spheres,
After so many years,
Has thrown us again both together?

How oft you and I
Have drank ourselves dry,
'Till mounting high over our heads,
Morn enter'd the casement,
And stared with amazement,
To find us not yet in our beds.

One night at the British,
 We grew rather skittish,
 And sallied out fighting the rabble ;
 But the guardians of night,
 Put our valour to flight,
 And I lost my hat in the squabble.

Fair cloud-cover'd Venus,
 Intruding between us,
 Me carried away from the battle ;
 While you left at large,
 Return'd to the charge,
 And bore off a lanthorn and rattle.

'Tis six—come and dine,
 And over our wine
 We'll talk of our juvenile laurels !
 What boys we were then !
 But now we are men,
 And seldom engage in street quarrels.

At twelve let us sup,
 We'll not keep it up
 All night, like your rake-helly ranters ;

At three, or half after,
The goddess of laughter,
Shall bear off the empty decanters.

We'll talk of our gambols,
Our riots and rambles,
Till Phœbus looks out of his garret ;
Two bottles in one,
Are excellent fun,
So, waiter—a *magnum* of claret.

ODE VIII.

To Mrs. MARY ANNE CLARKE.

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati.

IF, furious as your seeming fibs,
 Fate aided by Sir Vicary Gibbs,
 On thee, frail fair one, pouncing,
 Had pared one nail or drawn one tooth,
 While tooth and nail you fought for truth,
 I might have thought you bouncing.

But now, the grand inquiry o'er,
 You blaze upon us more and more,
 For public life grown fitter—
 To Westbourne Place all parties go—
 At lovers' perjuries, we know,
 Great Jove himself will titter.

Whether a widow or a wife,
Who cares? admit your private life
 Than Erebus were fouler ;
'The public is indifferent quite,
Whether upon a given night,
 You slept with me or *Dowler*.

Psha ! Venus laughs at tricks like these ;
Her nymphs, whatever their degrees,
 Will cheat when they are able.
Yes, when commissions are the bait,
E'en Dulwich hermits emulate
 The Santon in the fable.

New lovers swell your list ; the old
Still make their suit, all potent gold
 Unwilling to abandon :
Revolving time may view again,
Bowling obsequious in your train,
 Some future Captain Sandon.

Mothers by you their daughters warn,
And bid the tittering hussies scorn
 Your scandalous behaving.

The prudent, parsimonious sire,
Trembles to see his son admire
Your mezzotint engraving.

The blushing bride your name reviles,
And in your fascinating wiles
Anticipates disaster.

The Cit who keeps a Clarke like you,
His Saturnalian fate will rue,
And find the Clerk the master.

ODE IX.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

Non semper imbres nubidus hispidos.

Not for ever bleak November,
Chills the gayly dancing hours ;
Rolling time, dear girl, remember,
Decks the bright parterre with flowers.

Ice the Serpentine may cover,
Oaks their leafless boughs display ;
What care I ? the winter over,
Soon shall follow laughing May.

Why should'st thou all joy denying,
Still in tears thy 'kerchief steep ?
Pale Aurora hears thy sighing,
Setting Phœbus sees thee weep.

Clad in bombazéen and cam'let,
Gertrude wept a monarch dead :
See her soon, forgetting Hamlet,
Take his brother to her bed.

Dido torn from poor Sichæus,
Thus repining sought relief :
“ Anna ! don't you think Æneas
“ Might contrive to heal my grief ? ”

Thy good man in sleep reposes ;
Soon thou wilt another choose :
Widow's weeds all turn to roses,
When a comely suitor woes.

Give the hours to joyous greeting,
Vulgar sorrows far above ;
Youth and beauty, O how fleeting !
O how fleeting, woman's love !

Let us sing the song you relish,
Who at Brighton bear the bell,
Walking Barclay, racing Mellish,
Fun, and vive la bagatelle !

Tears from Pluto's dark dominion
Cannot now thy husband keep;
If they could, 'tis my opinion
Those bright eyes would cease to weep!

ODE X.

TO ROMEO,

On his late Fall from his Curricle.

 Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum.

SOUND, Romeo, sound a wise retreat,
For though the town's applause is sweet,
 It's hiss is dire and horrid :
Nor when you give the boards the slip,
And change the truncheon for the whip,
 Pave Pall Mall with your forehead.

Philosophy nor wastes nor spares,
Starves not to benefit his heirs,
 Nor spends his all in riot ;
Dines not at nine a Duke to meet,
Nor dives at one, in Dyot Street,
 For *Ordinary* diet.

When ice encrusts the slippery bank,
The tallest fall with heaviest spank,
 (The bard who writes has felt it,)
The bolt that strikes thy dome, Saint Paul,
Sweeps o'er the cobbler in his stall,
 And leaves his wax unmelted.

When caution's doublet cloaks the breast,
We fear the worst, we hope the best ;
 Last Wednesday seem'd a dry day,
But Jove pour'd down a waterfall
That spoilt our party to Vauxhall ;
 What then :—We went on Friday !

Would you Contentment's bower approach,
Walk, or when cloudy, call a coach ;
 When Sirius rages, boat it ;
When quizzers roast you, silent sit ;
And when admirers hail your wit,
 Suspect Joe Miller wrote it.

ODE XI.

The QUIDNUNC.

Quid belicosus Cantaber et Scythes.

CEASE, cease, gloomy mortal, to trouble your
brain,

With Spain and her heroes to liberty true ;
Napoleon must cut off an arm of the main,
Ere he, or his arms, can give trouble to you.

Our youth, like a rainbow, soon loses its charms,
And with it life's flattering colours are gone ;
Soft sleep, love, and pleasure, are scared from our
arms,

As age on his crutches comes tottering on.

The spring and its roses soon bend to the blast,
The moon fades away, leaving darkness behind ;
Since nature will change, why should misery last,
Or care and his legions bedevil our mind ?

Dear Hal, if thou lov'st me, (as Falstaff would say)
Let carking old care be invaulted below ;
And if he will rise when you wish to be gay,
Bid him bring you a bottle of *Chateau-Margaud*.

Then let him, when Bacchus and pleasure combinè
To banish the woes of this whirligig world,
Like Clarence obtain his quietus in wine ;
Within the Red Sea, let his spirit be hurl'd.

The drinkers of water are drunkards, not we,
Ariston men Udor's an adage for swine ;
For man's like a beast tippling water, and he
Must be drunk as a beast who refuses his wine.

Let Laura, the lovely enchantress, appear,
And breathe to her harp the effusions of Moore :
Enjoying these transports, oh, what should we fear,
While wit can exalt us, or beauty allure ?

Then cease, my dear Quidnunc, to groan at the news,
Nor mourn o'er the records of national sorrow;
But if you *must* study, oh study to lose,
In this day's enjoyment the thought of to-morrow.

ODE XII.

*MISS PUFF.**To Horace in Rome.*

Nōlis longa feræ bella Numantiæ.

IMMORTAL Flaccus, on my soul,
Well might you think it passing droll,
Were I to start the rival of your glory ;
Ape in my odes your playful verse,
Affect your satire, keen and terse,
Or grace with kings and chiefs my classic story !

You, mighty minstrel, are at home
Chaunting the civil wars of Rome,
The praises of Augustus or Mæcenas :

My humble Muse in London tells,
Of civil wars 'twixt beaux and belles,
Or burns for thee, Miss Puff, the City Venus.

That eye I sing, whose ambush-play
Kills while it looks another way,
That voice so true to false and vulgar grammar,
That breast I know not where to find,
That graceful curvature behind,
That wealth her father conquer'd with his ham-
mer.

When at my Lord Mayor's ball she dines,
In gold and carving how she shines,
Or like an *Ignis Fatuus* cuts her capers!
Ah me! in vain I look and sigh,
Some fool will own that gooseberry eye,
And make her gold a *nostrum* for the vapours.

Tho' now in Laurence-Pountney-Lane,
The cruel Syren holds her reign,
Unseen, unnotic'd, through her spatter'd case-
ment,

Soon blazing forth in Russell Square,
The gilded monster shall be there,
A fruitful theme of laughter and amazement.

ODE XIII.

The STOCK JOBBER'S LAMENT.

Ille et nefasto te posuit die.

O FATAL Omnium, wicked was his noddle,
 Who first created (omen of ill luck)
 Thee, doom'd to make thy holder almost waddle,
 And turn a green Goose, to a limping Duck.

NAPOLEON, who with me has play'd the Devil,
 Has doubtless acted it with many more,
 In midnight massacres dispos'd to revel,
 Or poison soldiers upon Jaffa's shore.

All other crimes I could forgive thee, Boney,
 But this exceeds the blackest in degree ;
 'Tis murderous sacrilege to take my money,
 For money is both life and soul to me.

We cannot all of us be always winners,
Bulls will hold on when markets mock their art ;
And disappointed Bears, tho' cunning sinners,
Sometimes hold off, when prices upward start.

Fortune takes one behind her on a pillion ;
Another, whom to-day she tumbles down,
To morrow she may bless with half a million,
And leave the first with scarcely half a crown.

There future Ducks who in hot water dabble,
Chatter of leagues and wars in sounds confused :
Others of Long Annuities will gabble,
Or prate of my appropriate Fund——Reduced.

But what a sudden truce to their debating,
When the commissioners are served with stock !
Then Bulls and Bears, no more each other baiting,
Round a new pivot clamorously flock.

Three-headed Cerberus stands mute with wonder,
To find his roar excell'd by human tongues,
With lifted hands, all bellowing like thunder,
A fleet of fingers in a storm of lungs.

ODE XIII. STOCK JOBBER'S LAMENT. 149

Rise from the shades, old Orpheus, with thy fiddle,
To quell this row among the biped cattle,
Bid Bulls with dancing Bears lead down the middle,
So shall their tongues and heels in concert rattle.

ODE XIV.

To any Great Man.

Eheu! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume.

AH me! on his wide-waving pinions,
Time carries us on day by day,
And downwards to Pluto's dominions
We mortals are posting away.

Not *Huntington*, cleans'd from his errors,
And dubb'd by diploma S. S.
Has yet taught the monarch of terrors
To dine on one mouthful the less.

Sage *Solomon's* Gilead potion
No chronic disease can assuage;
O *Gowland*, how vain is thy lotion,
To wash out the wrinkles of age!

Whole *hecatombs* vainly we proffer
To hell's unappeasable chief,
Old Iron-cheek laughs at the offer,
And swallows down us and our beef!

We all in one pinnace are rowing,
The haven we seek is the grave ;
The Stygian waters are flowing,
Alike for the monarch and slave.

We shun the rude billows of Ocean,
We shrink from the wind and the rain,
We fly from the battle's commotion,
And dodge the grim serjeant in vain.

The bourn we have all such a dread of
We quickly must visit below,
And talk with the heroes we read of
In *Littleton*, *Lucian*, and *Rowe*.

Good bye to your farm and your stables,
Farewell to your liveried train;
Your well-jointur'd widow in sables,
Shall mourn like the twice mated *Dane*.

That nodding plantation to-morrow
For some other owner shall bloom,
The yew tree alone in mute sorrow
Shall sullenly wave o'er your tomb.

This house, when it boasts a new dweller,
Shall bid thrifty prudence farewell ;
Your son, with the keys of the cellar,
Shall tinkle your funeral knell.

Your claret shall flow like a river,
Your old bottled port, set adrift,
Shall drown every thought of the giver
In frolicksome love of the gift.

ODE XV.

NEW BUILDINGS.

Jam pauca aratro jugera regia.

*S*AIN*T* *G*eorge's *F*ields are fields no more,
 The trowel supersedes the plough,
 Huge inundated swamps of yore,
 Are changed to civic villas now.

The builder's plank, the mason's hod,
 Wide, and more wide extending still,
 Usurp the violated sod,
 From *Lambeth Marsh* to *Balaam Hill*.

Pert poplars, yew trees, water tubs,
 No more at *Clapham* meet the eye,
 But velvet lawns, Acacian shrubs,
 With perfume greet the passer by.

Thy carpets, Persia, deck our floors,
Chintz curtains shade the polish'd pane,
Virandas guard the darken'd doors,
Where dunning Phœbus knocks in vain.

Not thus acquir'd was GRESHAM's hoard,
Who founded LONDON's mart of trade ;
Not such thy life, GRIMALKIN's lord,
Who *Bow's* recalling peal obey'd.

In *Mark* or *Mincing Lane* confin'd,
In cheerful toil they pass'd the hours ;
'Twas theirs to leave their wealth behind,
To lavish, while we live, is ours.

They gave no treats to thankless kings ;
Many their gains, their wants were few ;
They built no house with spacious wings,
To give their riches pinions too.

Yet sometimes leaving in the lurch
Sons, to luxurious folly prone,
Their funds rebuilt the parish church—
Oh ! pious waste, to us unknown.

We from our circle never roam,
Nor ape our sires' eccentric sins ;
Our charity begins at home,
And mostly ends where it begins.

ODE XVI.

*WIT ON THE WING.**To George Colman the Younger.*

Otium Divos rogat in patenti.

THE youth, from his indentures freed,
Who mounts astride the winged steed,
 The muses' hunt to follow ;
With terror eyes the yawning pit,
And for a modicum of wit
 Petitions great Apollo.

For wit the quarto-building wight
Invokes the Gods ; the jilt in spite
 Eludes the man of letters.
Wit thro' the wire-wove margin glides,
And all the gilded pomp derides
 Of red morocco fetters.

Vain is the smart port-folio set,
The costly inkstand, black as jet,
 The desk of polish'd level ;
The well-shorn pens to use at will :—
'Tis no great task to cut a quill—
 To cut a joke's the devil !

Happy, for rural business fit,
Who merely tills his mother wit,
 In humble life he settles ;
Unskill'd in repartee to shine,
He ne'er exclaims, " descend, ye *nine* !"
 But when he plays at skittles.

They who neglect their proper home
To dig for ore in Greece or Rome,
 Are poor Quixotic Vandals ;
'Twas well enough in needy Goths,
But why should we, like foolish moths,
 Buzz round the Roman candles ?

Care swarms in rivers, roads, and bogs,
It's plagues spring up like Pharaoh's frogs,
 Too numerous to bury ;
It roams through London streets at large,
And now bestrides a Lord Mayor's barge,
 And now a Vauxhall wherry.

The man who no vertigo feels,
When borne aloft on Fortune's wheels,
 But at their motion titters ;
Pitying the sons of care and strife,
Enjoys the present sweets of life,
 Nor heeds its future bitters.

Poor *Tobin* died, alas ! too soon,
Ere with chaste ray his *Honey Moon*
 Had shone to glad the nation :
Others, I will not mention who,
For many a year may (*entre nous*)
 Outlive their own damnation.

Who creep in prose, or soar in rhyme,
Alike must bow the knee to Time,
 From Massinger to Murphy ;
And all who flit on Lethe's brink,
Too weak to swim, alas ! must sink,
 From Davenant to Durfey.

Your rival muses, like two wives,
Assail your pate, and while each strives
 To win you to her quarrel,
Like Garrick painted by Sir Jos,
You stand between them, at a loss
 On which to weave the laurel.

My Muse is of the ostrich sort,
Her eggs of fortune's gale the sport,
 She in the sand conceals 'em :
By no intrusive wanderer found,
'Till watchman Phœbus walks his round,
 And with his lamp reveals 'em.

But should the god's far-darting ray
Destroy her fragile web to-day,
 She'll spin again to morrow ;
These trifles ne'er her mind annoy,
Who never knew a parent's joy,
 Ne'er felt a parent's sorrow.

ODE XVII.

*PENNY WISE AND POUND
FOOLISH.*

Cur me querelis exanimas tuis.

WHY plague me to death with your sighs ?

Why mope you thus froward and mulish ?

Your Brother, your friend PENNYWISE

Will never survive his POUNDFOOLISH.

You lose in adventure your gold,

Whilst I half commissions am rich in ;

I freeze in the parlour with cold,

You waste all the coals in the kitchen.

So firm our affection, so true,

So constant, or losing or winning,

The blow that demolishes you

Will set all my farthings a spinning.

How complex the purse we have spun !

If e'er LIBERALITY sever

The close twisted thread of the one,

The other is ruin'd for ever.

If fever assail me, for thee

Dog cheap with the evil I'll wrestle ;

I'll spurn Doctor Bailey to fee

Some second rate knight of the pestle.

Our mother, high wages to save,

Engaged for a nurse a cheap dawdle,

Who hurried her off to the grave,

By giving her gruel for cawdle.

When O. P.s set up a hubbub,

We did not each other as foes treat,

I pack'd off the beefeater's club,

And you rais'd the pillars in Bow Street.

Last week I bespoke me a hearse,

Self Interest whisper'd—Self murder ;

But *Avarice* lurk'd in my purse,

And, lucky escape ! overheard her.

Our bed is a second-hand tent;
Away with the cushions of comfort!
Do you daub the house with cement,
And I'll burn a coal to Count Rumford.

ODE XVIII.

THE UNANSWERABLE QUERY.

Non ebur, neque aureum.

SAGE elephant, thou'rt safe—I hold
No ivory, save one tooth-pick case,
My paper boasts no edge of gold ;
My stationer is *Henry Hase*.

My stucco is of Gallic grey,
My cornices from gilt are free ;
My pillars spurn the gaudy sway
Of antichristian porphyry.

I boast no heaps of sordid gain,
No plunder'd heirs my fraud bemoan ;
I bear no golden fleece from Spain,
To patch a *Joseph* of my own.

Yet honour and the liberal arts
 To Fashion's dome my steps invite ;
 And when the God of Day departs,
 I kiss the Muse by Dian's light.

Through life's low vale I take my way,
 From wealthy friends no wealth I borrow,
 Content to see the passing day
 So used as not to mar the morrow.

Whilst Avarice counts his bags of gold,
 And Mammon's dome salutes the sight,
 New moons succeed the waning old,
 Day urges day with ceaseless flight.

See towering o'er *Threadneedle Street*
 A mausoleum, rais'd by Soane,
 Where dutiful directors meet,
 Thy loss, dead bullion, to bemoan.

The mansion swells behind, before,
 Old *Lothbury* laments in vain :
 The *saint* who lost his skin of yore,
 Now mourns the loss of half his lane.

Oh ! say what means this deafening din,
A thousand Babel voices shout ;
Bears leagued with bulls rush roaring in,
And limping lame ducks waddle out.

Hence speculation upward springs,
Nor heeds the law that rules the ball,
Who mounts aloft on paper wings,
But mounts, like Icarus, to fall.

Earth labours with a motley freight,
From Gallia's king to Afric's slave;
But in the end impartial fate
Bestows on all an equal grave.

To bear poor souls to Pluto's tribe,
One doit is Charon's modest gain,—
Ten thousand pounds will never bribe
The rogue to row us back again !

In earth our splendour to enshrine,
Like sightless moles, we downward toil ;
For this, pale Avarice digs the mine,
And ruddy Labour ploughs the soil.

Ye who in mausoleums lie,
Where now is all your golden store?
Where now—but, if you won't reply,
'Twere waste of words to ask you more.

ODE XIX.

COBBETT.

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus.

WHERE halts the Richmond coach to bait,
With ears erect and mouths dilate,
 (Believe it future ages)
I saw the Naiads quit the Thames,
Fishers their nets, and boys their games,
 To dive in Cobbett's pages.

Cobbett, huzza ! I burn ! I rave !
Laws, locks, and Lincoln gaol I brave ;
 Spare, Anarch lov'd yet dreaded,
The bard who hails you tumult's god,
And lauds your pen, like Hermes' rod,
 Gall-tipp'd and serpent-headed.

With yours, his own, and Horne Tooke's tongues,
The Baronet's exhaustless lungs,
 The dog of hell outwarble :
While you his Gorgon vipers wield,
Back on your master turn the shield,
 And change his heart to marble.

The *cat o' nine tails* you abuse,
And billingsgate each classic muse ;
 Henceforth another cue get :
The assailant now the *Nine* assail,
Each muse contributing a *tail*,
 To whip you into Newgate.

When Jacobins, in reason's trance,
Ruled, mob on mob, devoted France,
 Reacting on reaction ;
You baffled, tooth and nail for law,
And hid, beneath the lion's paw,
 The cloven foot of faction.

Hail, Botley Bifrons! sinuous eel!
How shall the Muse your course reveal?
 In what Pindarics word it?
Round like a weathercock you flit,
As interest veers, now puffing Pitt,
 And now inflating Burdett.

E'en Windham, chivalrous no more,
In your hot water dipp'd his oar,
 And let your torrent turn him;
He hymn'd your worth, your virtues sung,
And lick'd, with metaphysic tongue,
 The foot ordain'd to spurn him.

ODE XX.

THE LYRICAL LACKEY.

Non usitatâ nec tenui ferar.

STAND clear! and let a poet fly :

On *this* wing lyric,

That satyric,

I'll mount, like Garnerin, the sky,

Nor mope in Grub Street garret :

Though lowly born, I'll fear discard,

My polish'd odes

To gay abodes

Shall bowl me, like a merry bard,

To sing and tipple claret.

Enroll'd among the black leg race,
 A milk-white swan,
 No longer man,
Aloft my airy course I trace,
 And mount o'er London city—
On wings of foolscap, wire-wove, glaz'd,
 Thro' margin wide,
 Serene I glide,
Whilst long-ear'd citizens amazed,
 Cry "bravo" at my ditty.

Trotting thro' Pindus' flow'ry path,
 In waltzes, reels,
 I'll shake my heels,
I'll dip at Brighton, sip at Bath,
 And doff my suit of sables—
Tall Tully of a Spouting Club,
 I'll mimic Pitt
 In all but wit,
And cut the *Diogenic* tub,
 For *Alexandrine* tables.

Tho' all the while my proper self
Is snug at home,
My pen shall roam
A modish tour in quest of pelf,
And scorning critic cavils,
I'll visit Egypt, Florence, Greece,
And then return,
Thro' Basle and Berne,
The London Booksellers to fleece,
And sell John Bull my travels.

Of epics, I'll compose a *few* ;
The vile reviews,
I'll ne'er peruse ;
I'll edit bards I never knew :
I'll snap at all commissions :
Like Harlequin, tho' far more plump,
My tricks I'll play,
Then hey ! away !
Bounce at a single leap, I'll jump
Thro' half a score editions !

My dear Mother
I received your letter of the 10th
and was glad to hear from you
and to hear that you were all
well. I am well at present
and hope these few lines will
find you all the same.

I have not much news to write
at present. I am still in
the same place and doing
the same work. I hope to
write you again soon.

Yours affectionately
John Smith

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Ipsi magna sonant —————
Consedere duces : surgis tu pallidus Ajax
Dicturus dubia pro libertate.”

JUV. SAT. VII.

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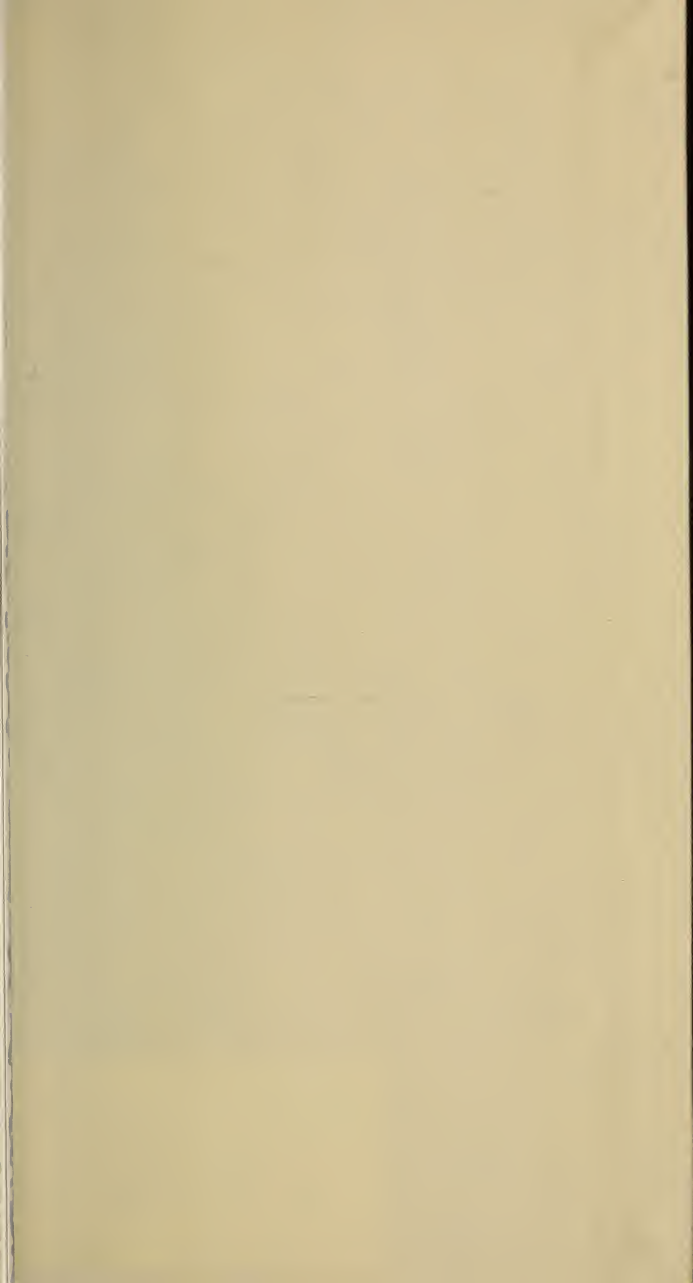
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